



SEP 18 1912

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

No. 2105

[Registered as a
Newspaper.]

SEPTEMBER 7, 1912

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

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Notes of the Week

THE authoritative article in the *Times* by Mr. Geoffrey Drage on Sea Training for Boys is excellent reading. Mr. Drage knows his subject *ab ovo usque ad malum*, and the obstacles and difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way of State aid, and of aid by the local authorities for encouraging training for the sea, are admirably sketched by him. The gift by the *Daily Mirror* to the Sea Scouts of a 50-ton ketch, and the purchase and fitting out of the large sea-going tender to the Exmouth, the "Steadfast," by a committee of enthusiastic inhabitants of Kingston-on-Thames and district—to be stationed at Kingston—are very encouraging signs of the times. Mr. Drage writes:—

What is required is a series of large, stationary training ships with sea-going tenders.

That is the ultimate aim of the "Steadfast" Committee of Kingston-on-Thames. Although Windsor and Reading have training vessels, the Kingston Brig is the best adapted boat on the Upper Thames, and the Committee hope that a chain of such vessels will be established by all the important riverside groups, and that they may be able to establish a sea-going tender to serve the combined training vessels. Kingston has worked on a voluntary basis and in the face of many discouragements, but the handsome Brig "Steadfast" will be at her moorings in less than a month, and as a

voluntary effort must excite much interest, affording a stimulus both to the State and to local authorities to render easier elsewhere that which Kingston has accomplished unaided.

Why do people want to read a newspaper when they are on a voyage? Only a short time ago, a sea-voyage was regarded as a period of rest and recreation for which one should be grateful; a pleasant interlude, during which kingdoms might fall, stocks fluctuate, Governments be overthrown, and the traveller should yet remain in peaceful, leisured ignorance. Now, however, papers are printed on board ship, with magazine page, theatrical notes, leading article, city letter, all complete—it is surely a pity not to be at least a little more original—and the traveller knows no rest from anxiety; all he gets beyond his ordinary existence in the town is a more or less gentle tossing and plenty of the open air. Probably the average Englishman, cast on a desert island, would in time start a newspaper of his own, with himself as editor, contributor, printer, and purchaser, just to make it a little more home-like. The one thing the reader of the ship-newspaper escapes is the plague of posters, which becomes more harassing every week.

It was with something of a shock that we noticed this sentence in a morning contemporary this week, opening an article entitled "Love at First Sight": "A defence of real love matches and of love at first sight was made by Sir James Crichton-Browne in his presidential address at the conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association yesterday." There is no mistake about it, and it is no use worrying over the alarming discrepancy between the conference and its theme. The only thing to do is calmly to await the inevitable; soon we shall expect to see that Mr. William Le Queux, taking the chair at the annual meeting of the Railway Porters' League, has addressed its members on Confucius and his Message; or that Mr. Taft, presiding over a gathering of telephone operators, is giving his views on Astronomy and the Use of the Globes. Why not, when sanitary inspectors meet to be lectured on "Love at First Sight"?

An enthusiastic writer says, with reference to the recent War Office trials of air-craft, that "the day of the aeroplane for private use is clearly foreshadowed." We have long passed the stage when the newspapers chronicled short flights; a flight must be notable for some reason or another for it to reach the distinction of print; and accidents are very infrequent, considering the incessant pursuit of the study which is fast attaining the dignity of a science. But certain advances will have to take place before the flying machine can be safely reckoned as a popular mode of conveyance, and the most urgent of these is that it must be able to hover, stationary, over one spot, for as long as its pilot likes. Many minds are considering this problem, and when it is solved—as ultimately, we suppose, it must be—the possibilities of flight will be tremendously extended.

To Poseidon

IN fire upon the altar of the west
Dies the long, golden day—
Athené's temple hides its columns grey,
And, far beneath, in their divine unrest
The waters throb and sway.

The sail droops lean upon its crimson mast,
The oars hang idle still—
There is a sound of singing on the hill;
They sing to him who on this chalice vast
Breathes tempest at his will.

Oh, sire of Cyclops swart and Naiad pale,
Hearest thou these poor cries?
Even now thy kindred of the curdling skies
Pluck at our ropes and shake our narrow sail,
Contending deities.

Odysseus to Ithaca returns
Not yet, denied by thee.
Let not our gilded prows the playthings be
Of some grim crag! Our votive brazier burns
Red by the darkening sea.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Style and the People

THAT a language, to live and to remain living, must from time to time, after having achieved an accepted form and vocabulary, yield to pressure from without and absorb words which owe their origin to other thoughts and other lands, is an axiom taken as incontestable by most persons who have given the matter any consideration. A glance at the dictionary will serve to show how many of our words in current use are "lifted" almost bodily from other tongues, and an hour spent with a newspaper will prove that many who write the language—write it even for a living—understand but very slightly the true meaning of their material. We commented last week upon the distressing frequency of such hybrids as "cinema-de-luxe" and "kinemacolor"; this week, in a journal of repute, we noticed a statement to the effect that "the sun shone through the astonished atmosphere, gilding the houses with gold and quickening the Seine into a vernal luminosity." In another sheet whose lucubrations cheer our morning meal we saw that something was "immaculately spotless"; also that somebody "partnered" somebody else in a match; further, there occurred a reference to a "bottomless" abyss.

The last thing we should advocate is the application of the stilted, professorial forms of speech to daily use. The oracular, Johnsonian periods are out of date; the man who spoke of a cup of tea as "an infusion of the fragrant herb of the Orient" would be laughed at as surely as we smile at the provincial editors who allow their staff to allude to "Old Sol" or the "effulgent

orb of day." People who observe minutely every rule of grammar and syntax and every canon of composition in their casual conversation are rarely racy or pleasant companions. It is a pity, however, that the reporters who write, considering all their difficult surroundings of noise and hurry, surprisingly well, should not learn, for example, that "immaculate" means "spotless," that the word "abyss" contains in itself the idea of "bottomless," and that the noun twisted into unlawful use as a verb can occasionally be a dreadful and detestable thing. It has often occurred to us that the daily papers, with their various peculiar ways of handling the language which pass for more or less correct English, are responsible for a great deal of the loose speaking and writing on which we are sometimes moved to remark. How tirelessly has it been dinned into the ears of the beginner that it is possible to write in a clear and pleasing style without hunting up polysyllables or reverting to the hackneyed phrase; without, in short, mentioning such terrible things as "vernal luminosity" or the "devouring element" or "fair Luna"? Yet, we suppose, the newspaper-reading public—especially that large portion of it which spends its Sunday mornings gloating over the tragedies, conflagrations, and police-court proceedings of the previous week—is impressed by such ornate ready-made stuff, and demands it. But who created the demand?

We dream sometimes of a new daily or bi-weekly paper, not written "by gentlemen for gentlemen," nor by the people for the people, but by expert essayists for a certain public which might be proved to exist. Its editors should be no grim and grizzled specialists with axes to grind, nor should they be vegetarians or nut-food faddists; they should be merely genial, healthy, well-read literary fellows; men who, while knowing Stevenson and Meredith and Hardy, had not forgotten that there once lived a notable person named Horace. In a not too solemn conclave they should select certain items of news as themes, from a literary, not a spectacular, point of view; they should then adjourn for dinner. After dinner, but not before the port had gone twice round, they and their staff should enlarge weightily or wittily as each particular case needed. No foreign telegrams should be suffered to interrupt their exalted deliberations; no vapours from a clamorous composing-room should dull the polish of their epigrams; no extraneous split infinitives should set their delicately adjusted nerves on edge. The ghosts of Swift and Charles Lamb should meet in their wondrous columns; raillery should never degenerate to the ironic sneer; dignity—bearing in mind the fate of *Æsop's* frog—should never puff itself out to platitudinous pomposity. And if the result, on any given evening, did not satisfy them utterly, the presses should be silent and the paper should not appear.

That paper has not yet appeared, save in our dreams; it never will, for naturally it would not pay expenses; but it would make history until its graceful death. And never, no, never, would it refer to a "vernal luminosity."

W. L. R.

On Translation

BY H. BELLOC.

THE art of translation is not adventitious to letters to-day. It is a fundamental part of culture. The culture of Christendom is not national but European, and how true this is you may discover by noting the sterile work of any society long cut off from Europe.

By an accident to which I cannot remember any parallel in history this modern culture of ours is split up, as to its expression, into quite half a dozen separate vehicles, any two of which are completely disassociate. We talk of the Teutonic, the Slavonic, and the Italian languages which are indeed the main idiomatic groups of Christendom, but literary German cannot be read by an Englishman who has not learnt the language, nor Greek by a Russian, nor French by an Italian, still less Castilian by a Frenchman. Each of the great national groups into which society fell during the Middle Ages has chosen some one dialect for its typical literary expression, and you have now what we call "German," "English," "Russian," "French," "Italian," "Spanish," etc., which, without having discarded many living dialects form perfectly distinct vehicles for thought and are yet charged with the expression of a common culture. For Europe is not built up out of a number of such elements coming together. Europe is a unity within which these provinces happen to have appeared. Indeed, Europe needs and should have once again a common tongue; undoubtedly Europe will sooner or later recover one. For many centuries our common culture had such a common tongue in Latin, and whatever counted in Europe was bi-lingual. Such a mixture of the universal and the particular is normal to the European story.

Since this is certainly the case, since we cannot express our culture save through these curiously separate vehicles of "modern languages," it is essential that matter which has been put forward in say German or Italian should be available to the Frenchman and to the Englishman, and that matter which has been put forward in, say, Castilian should be available to Paris. The men who can command many languages are extremely rare, nor can their number be greatly increased; for to possess a real acquaintance with many idioms is a most abnormal and a purely personal gift.

There remains—in the lack of the common tongue—nothing but the mechanism of translation, and here we are met by a problem of the greatest difficulty.

To translate effectively is the hardest of all literary arts. That in itself would give one to think when one considered the necessities of modern European culture. But, unfortunately, this first difficulty is very greatly increased by another; which is, that to translate really badly, to give any one of a thousand thoroughly false conceptions of the original, is not the hardest but the easiest of all literary arts.

What a good translation should be, and why it is so difficult to attain, I will discuss in a moment, but the

psychology of bad translation merits a curious, if mournful, examination.

There is no one who cannot make a bad translation. All it requires is a dictionary, an elementary grammar, and some knowledge of the alphabets used. Thus a Frenchman is paid 6d. to translate the line:—

He never lifted up a single stone,

and sooner or later he can render it thus:—

Il ne leva jamais une seule pierre.

Or an Englishman is given 6d. to translate the line:—

Demain, Oh ! Conquérant, c'est Moscou qui s'allume !

and he can render it:—

To-morrow, Oh Conqueror, it is Moscow which catches fire !

Neither of these gentlemen would have achieved an efficient translation. Both should be drowned.

It is among the mysteries of the human language that the Word is at once the most subtle in its soul and the most obvious in its body of all human modes of action.

"Pferd" "horse": Is that not so? And your plain man, and your practical man and your plumb fool are not only *satisfied* by that—a humble saint can be *satisfied* with simplicities—but they are quite certain you need go no further. Very well, go and translate word for word into German:—

There was a little man and he had a little horse (pferd), And he bridled it and saddled it and put his leg across, and see what happens to the spirit of that delightful couplet.

Translation malignantly tempts the least competent by presenting them with prose ready-made. A man who has not so much literary art as is sufficient to write a letter of protest to the *Times* will think himself competent to translate a paragraph of Renan's. For why? There are all the words beautifully set out. Surely he has been given his matter ready made? One may express the whole thing by a metaphor and say that translation only too fatally presents itself as a form of *tracing* whereas of its nature it is rather an attempt at *re-creation*.

For what is necessary to an efficient translation? You must render the rhythms of the original into quite other rhythms proper to your own tongue; and yet the spiritual effect of the first must be paralleled in the second.

You must have such a sense of idiom that the poignant air of a terse phrase in the foreign language strikes the senses as shortly when it re-arises in your own language. More than this, you must appreciate that one word has twenty aspects in the foreign language: a corresponding word twenty aspects in your own, and it is the aspect from which it was approached by the foreign writer that you must approach, or the nearest thing to it in the native word you select.

Again, the emphasis of order differs utterly from tongue to tongue. Again, the nature of decoration differs.

Among the noblest writers of prose was Napoleon Bonaparte. Take any passage of his manly rhetoric—the inspiration upon which so many men have died—put it with no matter what care and scholarship rhetorically into English, and you will have something so theatrical as to be comic.

There are English decorations of lilt, of alliteration, of ellipse, which are respectively absent, barbaric, or hopelessly obscure if you attempt to render them directly into the French language.

There are Latin effects of terseness, Greek effects of particle to which nothing remotely corresponding can be discovered in a modern tongue, save at the expense of its impoverishment or warping, and all this the efficient translator must take into account.

Finally—a clean mechanical point and one that all can grasp in its magnitude—most words do several services in every tongue. Not only have words their aspects, but they are used in human speech as similar symbols for different things.

Louis the XIV's "*J'ai failli attendre*," if its regal irony is translated at all, must be lamely translated: "I came near to waiting," or, more grossly, "I nearly had to wait." At any rate, you will fail altogether if you use the word *failed*. The word *failed* is ten thousand miles away from the word "*failli*" in that phrase, but "*He failed in business*" is exactly rendered by "*Il a fait faillite*." How would you render the last words of the English lines, "He tried to do his duty—and how damnably he failed"? What French word would you use for "failed" there? I think that "*déception*" would come nearest to it, and that you would have to turn the phrase so as to use that substantive instead of a verb; but no dictionary equivalent to "failed" would suit you—least of all "*faillir*."

I might sum up the whole thing thus: It is the translator's business to know his original in its very soul. Then, standing apart from it, to set his own power to work at creating in another world and for another company another living thing which shall be just as much alive and shall be the twin in vigour, stature, and character of what he sets out to render. It is not an easy matter, is it?

So intense is the power required that often the translator produces some new thing greater than the original upon which he set forth. I can quote an instance. There is a piece of doubtful Latin verse upon which a good Italian sonnet was based. This sonnet Joachim Du Bellay translated into a far better French sonnet, and Du Bellay's sonnet in its turn has been translated by a modern Englishman into something better than the French. I have all four examples of this ascending series to my hand as I write.

Meanwhile you can get really intolerable translation at about 2s. 6d. a thousand words and therefore that curious thing which an idiot would call "economic law" condemns us to the decline of culture. . . . Does it?

It is a poor look-out.

REVIEWS

The Manchester Pecksniffs

The Manchester Politician, 1750-1912. By G. B. HERTZ. With a Preface by Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C. (Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. HERTZ has set down nothing in malice in his interesting account of the Manchester School, but it must be owned that he has extenuated nothing, and if the defunct worthies with whom he deals could see themselves in his depiction they would probably—indignant in their good conceit of themselves—refuse to recognise the portrait.

"Until 1750," says Mr. Hertz, "Manchester possessed no distinctive views on trade or Empire. After 1750 it adopted with peculiar zeal the non-partisan Imperialism of the age of Chatham." The reason of its zeal was characteristic:—

Commercialism was paramount, the cotton trade became rapidly the all in all of Manchester's public interest, and popular beliefs were wholly governed by the way in which the prosperity of that trade was affected by British, foreign, and colonial policy. . . . Manchester became devoted to the cause of empire-building in the early years of the industrial revolution, because the English Government applied its usual colonial principles to the encouragement of cotton-growing within the borders of our own dominions, and its usual economic principles towards the enhancement of the colonial demand for Lancashire goods.

Accordingly the Manchester working people

believed that conquests paid. That State help was of service. They were staunch followers of the Protectionist and militant creeds of the day, accepting them because they appeared to embody their own material interests, not, as in the case of the political faiths of the Stuart period, because they made any special appeal to intellect or sentiment.

The reason of the great change in Manchester opinion was equally characteristic:

Within ten years after Waterloo the political beliefs of Manchester were entirely remodelled. Individualism, insistence on the necessity of peace, distrust of Imperialism, irritation with the Constitutional defects of the time, were deeply impressed on men's minds. The best customers of Lancashire were foreign nations; the great bulk of its supplies of raw material came from a country which had ceased to be subject to the British Crown. There seemed to be no longer any connection between trade and nationality. . . . The majority of the people of Manchester took the side of the individual in his conflict with the State with an enthusiasm that made its mark on local character. The master class was, above all others, responsible for the doctrines thus associated with the Manchester School. Employers believed that

the one way by which their supremacy in the world's markets could be maintained was to keep down the cost of production. For this purpose the price of food and raw materials, the volume of taxation, and the cost of living required to be beaten down to the lowest possible limits.

Cobden, as Mr. Hertz reminds us, imagined that within two months of the abolition of the Corn Laws three loaves would be bought with the same money that previously could buy but two, and that the price of flour would simultaneously fall 70 per cent; thus the ascendancy of the Lancashire cotton industry would be safeguarded for ever on the bedrock of cheap production.

These people, whose altar was in the shop, were always full of cant. An acceptable person named Shrewsbury, prominent in the Radical world of Bacup, wrote in "Christian Thoughts on Free Trade" (1843) that "Free Trade is implied in the primeval benediction God pronounced on man," and with special reference to the Old Testament that "free trade is only bringing out a new development of the wonderful series of truths that are recorded in this portion of the word of God." Heyworth in the same year declared that "as a nation of Bible Christians we ought to realise that trade should be free as the winds of Heaven." Cobden, less nauseating in form rather than in spirit, said, "I see in the free trade principle that which shall act as the principle of gravitation in the universe. . . . I believe that the desire and motive for large and mighty empires, for gigantic armies and great navies will die away."

It need hardly be said that Manchester cant was in vivid contrast with Manchester conduct.

There was an amazing callousness in the toleration that Lancashire opinion granted to the horrors of child slavery during the long years before Lord Shaftesbury won his battle. They dated from the first years of the factory system. . . . At the beginning of the nineteenth century, while Manchester Whigs were agitating for slave emancipation abroad, and the right to be represented in Parliament at home, droves of boys and girls, aged six or seven, used to be sent to the Manchester mills from the poor-houses and orphanages of the unenlightened South.

The Manchester politicians resisted factory legislation, the Truck Acts, the repression of adulteration, and the regulation of usury. They were not ashamed of relentless "sweating" in industry. "The average weekly earnings of the Lancashire hand-loom weaver, which had risen in the early days of the industrial revolution, sank, according to Professor Smart, from 13s. 3d. in 1800 and 13s. 10d. in 1802 to 10s. 6d. in 1806, 6s. 7d. in 1808, 6s. 4d. in 1812, 5s. 2d. in 1816, and 4s. 3½d. in January, 1817, while the cost of living rose during several years of this appalling period." In Bright's mill at Rochdale the wages of a card-room worker rose from 8s. a week, which was the standard between 1820 and 1833 to 8s. 6d. in 1844 and 9s. 6d. in 1846. In 1838 the Manchester Statistical Society reported that some

14,960 persons lived in cellars in the town, and that "in most houses there were more than three persons to each bed."

"To Bright, the cause he advocated represented an essential element in human duty. His work in the world was, in his eyes, nothing less than warfare against men who would 'designedly' arrest the bounty of heaven and doom the children of our common Father, by hundreds of thousands, to intolerable suffering." Bright, as we have seen, had raised the wages of the card-room workers in his own mill from 8s. a week to 9s. 6d. "Marshall, in a celebrated tract of 1842, in which he claimed to explain the free trade position as tested by the experiences of Jesus Christ, wrote of protection that 'the light of Christianity will dissolve it, as the rising sun the morning cloud and the early dew.' Dunckley, with entire sincerity, fancied that his economic creed was 'the embodiment of the Christian thought that men are brothers.'"

We have it on the highest authority that men cannot serve God and Mammon. The Manchester Pecksniffs solved the difficulty by calling Mammon God, and, that change effected, the effusiveness of their piety caused them no inconvenience whatever.

Essays in Life

Also and Perhaps. By SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM. (John Lane. 6s.)

Life's Great Adventure. By FRANCIS STOPFORD. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

THESE two books contain some of the opinions, fancies, and experiences of men who have gone about in the world, east and west. Sir Frank Swettenham's are put in the form of essays, sketches, and stories; Mr. Stopford's in the form of conversations with a friend named Epicurus. Both writers handle matters universally regarded as important—the critical faculty, belief in the unseen, dreams, education, food: they do so at some length and often in a manner, however far from finality, which leads on a sympathetic reader to fruitful agreement and difference.

Sir Frank Swettenham has the advantages and disadvantages of a turn for fiction. Some of his chapters are definitely stories. Thus he makes a Malay *kris* relate how it was first made out of an old ship's file that had killed a man, and how it killed many others and passed from hand to hand, until at length it reached a pretty white woman, but not necessarily a state of rest; and never has it lost the original crimson stain which resisted the Malay artificer's efforts "and remained incarnadine." Knowledge of Malay life gives the story a substance which will sometimes please stay-at-home English people, but it has no great illusion of reality and no finish of art. The same must be said of the other stories. The dream which fills "In Dreamland" is interesting to students if it is an actual transcript from memory. The other story of how a sick man dreamed that death, like a skeleton, came to his bedside and read

out his good and bad record from a book strikes us as an imperfect invention with only the makings of a good short story in it: like many of the other chapters, it does little more than reveal the writer's taste for the unusual. We prefer the papers straightforwardly designed to meet that taste, like "Disbelief in the Unseen"—which tells of toads smoking cigarettes, and gives other material for a modern companion to Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors."

Sir Frank Swettenham, in fact, finds it hard to get beyond revealing his tastes and aims. He is never a master, either of thought or illusion. Again and again, for example, he attempts landscape, but achieves only combinations of untransmuted words. The dialogue of a sundial and an hour-glass is only facetious. The essay on the critical faculty is mostly spent in saying, as so many have said before, that the British public has no critical faculty; but ends on a patriotic, apologetic note, attacking the other "depreciators of things British," patting the old country on the back with the assertions that our Navy is the best in the world, that our Army learned a great deal in South Africa, that no other country possesses such a reserve of "healthy, courageous and intelligent boys, the sons, for the most part, of not-very-well-off gentry all over Great Britain and Ireland." With all his experience and confidence in expressing opinion, he suffers from some obtuseness. Thus, he has an essay on "Some Proverbs," where he exposes what he thinks the perversion of wisdom in some proverbial sayings, and attacks among others "Pride goes before a fall." He assumes that the words mean that we lose our pride before we fall. He does not consider the possibility that it means that in order to produce a fall pride is often necessary. So in "First Love" he disputes the opinion that "the lovers themselves have no choice; they are merely the subjects of an influence," without seriously putting before us, or apparently even himself, what the philosophers or what he means by first love: he launches himself into balmy rhetorical generalities.

Mr. Stopford is a better writer. His ordinary level of narrative and discussion is fluent and forcible beyond the common, including much lively brevity, like the phrase, "the screaming maelstrom of those grey, shattered waters," and rising at times to a brilliant height of description, as in the picture of an equatorial sea which taught him—or his Epicurus—the meaning of "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." This friend Epicurus represents a somewhat unusual combination of worldliness, sensuousness, and delicacy, all elements in a thoroughly conscious attitude towards life, a belief in a conscious "art of life." It is characteristic of him to suggest "a series of joy-books, with receipts for happy half-hours," and to ask "Where do we find the home regarded as a profession for women, requiring as much education as any other career; or paternity and the training of children treated as quite as important a part in a man's life as politics or sport?" He was himself, he believes, made partly by long years of illness as a child, and would have pain regarded as not a punishment but "an integral part of that struggle from which

shall presently emerge clean and vigorous life": he would make Time also an ally, instead of an enemy. He speaks of training "body, mind, and soul" so that each can help the others in time of stress. More than once he suggests that "the success of happiness, like every other success in the world, is dependent on restraint and discipline." But, on the other hand, he instinctively quarrels with some already accepted forms of interference with the rude course of life, with our manufacture of flabby children at school, for example, almost at the same moment as he is accusing war of being a horribly wasteful method of improvement for men, asking why we cannot gain as much "by cultivating in times of peace the same spirit of discipline, self-sacrifice, and service to others which was called forth under the dripping whips of carnage." We suspect that his power of expression runs ahead of his experience and ripe thinking, as Sir Frank Swettenham's lags behind him. We are especially suspicious when a peroration moves him to optimistic eloquence about mankind forging ahead: "Never in his long career has he been more active and virile." But however inconsistent, or exaggerated, or airy Mr. Stopford or Epicurus may be here and there in deliberately expressing himself, the undesigned effect of the whole is good. The faith of Epicurus half-Christian, half-Pagan, is the fine flower of life in the English middle class when it preserves a balance between curiosity and tradition. Whether it is a solitary flower, whether it blossoms once in fifty years, it were long and difficult to inquire, but it has certainly not often blossomed into a book like Mr. Stopford's. The fact that he stretches a friendly hand to sentimentality should ensure his admission where curiosity, colour and the spirit of criticism are not much loved.

The Quintessence of Christian Art

Les Maîtres de l'Art: Les Sculpteurs Français du XIIIe Siècle. By LOUISE PILLION. Illustrated. *Fra Angelico.* By ALFRED PICHON. Illustrated. (Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3 f. 50 c. each.)

MANY readers of THE ACADEMY are already familiar with that excellent series of "Les Maîtres de l'Art" which is issuing with some regularity and rapidity from the press of MM. Plon-Nourrit and Co. Two of the volumes have been noticed in these columns within the last few months—those dealing with Sodoma and Bernini, the latter especially remarkable for its perfect illustrations. The present volumes are thoroughly worthy of their traditions. If we were driven to express a preference, it would doubtless be given to the sculptors; the subject is fresher and more pregnant, and the illustrations are extraordinarily adequate. Those in the "Fra Angelico," we will add, are only less successful because they lack perforce the colouring of the Florentine master.

The two volumes under consideration are brought very close together by the dominance of one great common characteristic—they are both dedicated to

Christian art. It is not merely by their subjects that they are so dedicated, but by the whole mental outlook of their authors. Both Mlle. Pillion and M. Pichon hold the admirable conviction that there is no knowledge without sympathy, and no progress without imagination; the history of an age of faith cannot be written with the pen of unbelief. M. Pichon, in particular, assigns a very high place to the imaginative factor in history. In narrating, for instance, the period of Fra Angelico's religious vocation, he remarks, "De la sainte crise de cette âme charmante, nous ne savons rien. Mais l'histoire serait en vérité une étrange mort, si nous ne devions suppléer par notre sympathie passionnée au silence des documents et des témoignages." Then he proceeds to reconstitute the scene of the spiritual drama, with a description of the church of Santa Maria Novella, and quotations from the sermons of Fra Giovanni Dominici. The method is a sure one where we are in presence of a mind as simple and consistent as that of Fra Angelico; if we were to try to apply it in the case of, say, Shakespeare, we should lay ourselves open to the plausible ire of the Baconians. But, though the path that led the steps of the Dominican painter through the wilderness of this life has been in so many places obliterated by the luxuriant weeds of Time, what remains of it all runs in the same straight line, and it is permissible to assume that the lost portions followed the same law of straightness.

We are on more difficult ground when we have to apportion the life of Fra Angelico between the saint and the artist. M. Pichon summarily answers the questions arising out of this problem by the pronouncement, just so far as it goes, that the saint and the artist were one and inseparable. But there are difficulties. The saint was a craftsman, who had to learn, and loved to learn, his art. It is just this period of apprenticeship that is most completely lost for us. One of the chief problems is to reconcile the evidences of his training as a miniaturist with those of his mastership of fresco. Another problem is to decide who was his master and what were the chief influences. Probably none of these questions will ever be finally answered; the time of apprenticeship overlapped that of religious renouncement, and the phenomena of technical progress cannot be completely explained by those of a soul on fire. M. Pichon, having established from irreproachable data the Florentine milieu of the early Fifteenth Century, and having sketched, with the aid of conjecture, a life of the artist, freely uses the same ally, reinforced by architectural and other decisive details, to write his artistic biography. Gentile da Fabriano was the most generous testator of his creative capital. The conquest of space marked the first great advance on Giotto. Then Fra Angelico himself achieved the revolution of the century—the liberation of colour from material shackles. Finally Masaccio came to suggest the way to perfection, by pointing out the perspectives of the air, and the paths where the light might circulate, leaving body and soul alive upon the stone or canvas.

One great fact insisted upon by M. Pichon is of

extreme importance for estimating the place of Fra Angelico in the History of Art. He was not as isolated a figure as has been sometimes believed. He did not hold himself aloof from the new age. He scented the breath of the Renaissance, and exulted in it. There was no fear, "perfect love casteth out fear"; Art was so much the Kingdom of God that no evil thing could come out of it. He was there, a pleased spectator, when the envoys of the Eastern Church came to Florence to propose a means of ending the Greater Schism; and what he saw, the gorgeous raiment, the exotic faces and animals, became part of his later pictures.

From Giotto to Fra Angelico is the same distance to travel, from the point of view of technique, as from the French cathedral sculptors of the Twelfth Century to those of the Thirteenth. In both cases it is the triumph of the light and the air, which have broken up the surface, and discovered the spaces behind. But the French sculpture of the Thirteenth Century is in some ways a greater and more significant phenomenon than even the divine art of the saintly Dominican. The latter was a Christian artist, such as has never been seen again, before or since, but historically he was the representative of a departing order of things. He was a member of an old City-State, racked by meaningless quarrels of Gueff and Ghibelline, and incapable of holding its head high in the new Europe that was being fashioned. French sculpture and architecture expressed many things, and among them the maturity of the political principle that was to govern the new world. They were the expression of the principle of nationality, in all its youthful pride and strength. Like the French nation, they left their cradle in the Ile de France to possess the whole land. Their victory was the first and perhaps the greatest triumph of the French ideal. "Nous sommes ici devant ce qu'il y a de plus français en France."

The French spirit, the Aristotelian *phôsis* of the French spirit—what this spirit was to be in the "Grand Siècle"—is admirably manifested in French architectural sculpture. The figure was an integral part of the building. The statue was the column; the niche was a late, decadent development. "L'Union de la sculpture avec l'architecture était déjà complète en France dès l'époque romane." In this French art differed notably from that of Italy, and gained enormously in force thereby. The limitation imposed upon the sculptor is "une discipline qui devient un élément de rythme et de beauté."

Another wonderful feature of this art is its impersonality. Mlle. Pillion has emphasised this in many places, and particularly in her chapter on the "chanter" where the decoration of the cathedral was planned and carried out. Names are scarce, and great reputations, but art was in scores of brains and in hundreds of fingers; a uniformity full of infinite variety is the result. Saint Denis, Chartres, Senlis, Notre Dame is the early cycle; then come the more finished parts of some of these same edifices, and Reims, Amiens, Bourges, and Sens. But on them all is visible the magic stamp of kinship. Wonderful as they are now, they must have

been more wonderful still in their youth and prime, for the colours of the stonework and the glass conspired to throw a blaze of glory over all.

Above all the cathedral statuary of the Thirteenth Century was a Christian art. Every nook of the walls helped to tell the divine story; the symbolism never varied, and the general scheme was always the same. The work was done in a spirit of sublime self-negation "par tous, pour tous." Mlle. Pillion objects, very properly as regards this century, to the anti-Christian interpretations of certain features that were once popular; fancy rioted, but scoffing incredulity was dumb. Moreover, there is an implied answer to some French historians, who have laid down that mediæval religion consisted almost entirely in the fear of hell; we find an "absence, au treizième siècle, sur les tombeaux de toute évocation réaliste ou terrifiante." The "dantesque enfer" over the portals of Notre Dame and of other places cannot destroy this argument. We will conclude with some words taken from the writer's own conclusion to this inspiring work:—"C'est le privilège de certaines œuvres d'art d'atteindre, chez ceux qui les goûtent, quelque chose de plus personnel que l'intelligence, de plus secret que le sens de la beauté; la sculpture du treizième siècle français est de cet ordre. . . pour qui demeure profondément attaché à l'idéal même qu'elle sut revêtir de tant de beauté, une nuance spéciale de gratitude se mêle à l'émotion qu'elle inspire."

The Tower of London and Old Japan

A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers By LORD REDES-DALE. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who have "Tales of Old Japan" upon their shelves, and especially those who take down the volume—or volumes if they happen to be so fortunate as to possess the first edition—with affection and gratitude, will be a little disappointed with Lord Redesdale's "A Tragedy in Stone, and other Papers." *Réchauffé* is the word that comes most readily to our mind in connection with this book, a literary dish-up, for the most part, of lectures delivered before the Japan Society, Authors' Club, Royal Photographic Society, and the Art School at Chipping Campden. Now the lecturer is allowed—nay, expected—to indulge in certain mild banalities, and he may, with impunity, enlarge on the intelligence of his distinguished audience, and politely point out his own imaginary shortcomings. All these things are part of the courteous and fashionable lecturer's paraphernalia, but they become wearisome and redundant when repeated in a book. The lectures themselves, excluding their superfluous trappings of mutual congratulation, make excellent reading, but, good as they are, they cannot be compared with the opening essay dealing with the fascinating history of the Tower of London, or with the delightful chapter reprinted from the author's "Bamboo Garden."

Many will regard "A Tragedy in Stone" as the best

contribution to this volume. It grips the imagination, and recalls the spell Harrison Ainsworth cast upon us in the days of our youth. But Ainsworth, though effective in his striking situations and powerful descriptions, was lacking in the art of portraying character. Lord Redesdale, in a style that is wonderfully subtle and vivid, has supplied this defect in the hero of our schooldays, for history and character-drawing have been combined in this enchanting study. The author describes the article as "perhaps rather dry-as-dust." Personally, we have not found it so. Monk Gundulf, who could not only weep with those who mourned, but with those who made merry, must have, in his capacity of principal surveyor, laid all the dust in the building of the Tower of London!

Lord Redesdale writes of Leonardo da Vinci:—

Had he lived to gather together, as he was minded to, all his discoveries, all his philosophy, and all his prophecies into one encyclopædic volume, the world would have been compelled to hail him as the most universal genius of any age, and science would have been advanced by some decades—I had almost written centuries!

Perhaps it is just as well that Leonardo da Vinci did not stagger the world with a blaze of genius in every conceivable direction, or we should have been in danger of another society somewhat similar to the Baconians, and, worse still, we might have been without that homely and salutary saying: "Jack of all trades and master of none." But in all seriousness we must admit that Leonardo da Vinci has certainly disproved Schopenhauer's saying that "genius and the head for mathematics are contradictions which cannot coexist in the same brain."

We must confess to be particularly attracted by Lord Redesdale's refreshing article on gardens, though on some points we cannot agree with him. There is something very cosmopolitan in the author's conception of a garden. His own, we imagine, is the result of his travels. It appears that we may be Little Englanders in our gardens if, through prejudice, we exclude trees that do not happen to be natives. We may still believe that our men have "hearts of oak," and at the same time find room in our gardens for the bamboo which, to the author, "brings back something like a subtle fragrance of the dim far-away." Lord Redesdale is sarcastic on carpet gardens, grottos, and those feminine bores who fling "painfully acquired sesquipedalian names at their victims' heads with an air of conscious superiority." He adds, with dry humour, concerning these dreadful appellations: "It is strange that one never hears of those plants a second time. I believe that if they ever existed they die of despair, killed by their names!"

We were surprised to come across the following, written by one who is a devout admirer of Old Japan:—

He who would lay out for himself a paradise . . . cannot do better, having the needful leisure, than set out to drink in wisdom in Japan. Not in the Japanese

gardens, for . . . nowhere is the gardener's work more out of tune with Nature than in that country of paradoxes; but on the mountain-side, in the dim recesses of the forest, by the banks of many a torrent, there the great silent Teacher has mapped out for our instruction plans and devices which are the living refutation of the heresies of stonemasonry.

Are not the Japanese supreme masters in reproducing, in miniature, favourite scenes from Nature? Surely they have sat at the feet of "the great silent Teacher" and learnt much. If they add a beautiful stone lantern to the scene, it is hardly a heresy—no more a heresy than a moss-covered sun-dial in our English gardens.

Lord Redesdale deals with Japan in the Middle Ages, narrates the romantic story of Will Adams, gives us the fascinating history of paper, and concludes with a description of a holiday spent in the Land of the Gods nearly fifty years ago. There is something of Leonardo da Vinci's versatility in this miscellaneous volume, for the Tower of London and Old Japan are about as different as it is possible to imagine. Lord Redesdale has recently republished his famous "Tales of Old Japan," and we conclude this review with the hope that he will reissue his "Bamboo Garden." If we may judge from the chapter included in the volume before us, it will not lead us into a maze, or a grotto, or a tart-like horror of carpet bedding, but into a veritable garden of delight.

Plays Good and Indifferent

Five Little Plays. By ALFRED SUTRO. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

A Book of Short Plays, and a Memory. By MRS. DE COURCY LAFFAN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. net.)

EVEN in these days of cheap literature it is remarkable to be able to read five plays by so distinguished a playwright as Mr. Alfred Sutro for the modest sum of eighteenpence, and no admirer of his fine work should fail to peruse them. They are strong, tense, clever, the work of a practised hand that never fails to extract the uttermost from a dramatic situation, the work of one who knows the light and shade of human character. Humour, satire, farce, and pathos are all contained within these pages. The theme of "The Man in the Stalls" is not exactly pleasant, but if Mr. Sutro is rather too fond of dealing with unsuccessful marriages, and making either the husband or wife fall in love with some one else, he does so with such power, such subtle wit, that even this well-worn theme ceases to be commonplace. "The Man in the Stalls," "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," and "The Man on the Kerb," are familiar to many playgoers; but it is a matter of surprise to us that "The Open Door" and "The Bracelet" should not, apparently, have attracted the discerning eye of a theatrical manager. "The Open Door" is as good in its way as "The Walls of Jericho," and is the best one-act play we have read for a long time. "The Bracelet" is not quite such perfect work. Mrs. Western is a little too haughty in her manner, too wildly rude

even for an upper middle-class lady addicted to Blue-books; but the delightfully droll surprise at the end of the play more than compensates for the over-emphasis of one of the characters.

Mr. Alfred Sutro's "The Bracelet" left us in a genial mood, and we were prepared to forgive Mrs. De Courcy Laffan and her publisher for choosing a very atrocious binding, reminding us of a wedding-card pasted on mottled tin. Unfortunately, however, the difference between Mr. Sutro's work and that of Mrs. Laffan was a little more marked than we were prepared for. "A Shakespearian Interlude" is not without real poetry, but it is entirely lacking in anything approaching genuine characterisation. Queen Elizabeth, in Mrs. Laffan's hands, is a dreamy sentimentalist, and that is one thing that Good Queen Bess, with all her faults, was not. She was a sprightly soul, with a temper as ready as her wit; but unless history belies her, she had no lack of lovers, even if she boxed one of them on the ears! She is reported to have said to the Speaker in the House of Commons: "I have long since made my choice of a husband, the Kingdom of England." She would never have uttered the maudlin words of unrequited love Mrs. Laffan puts into her mouth. To describe "Their Experiment," a play based on the popular fallacy of Platonic friendship, as amateurish, is to express ourselves very mildly. It will be a bad day for the Diplomatic Service when it includes such a man as Algernon Leyburn. Algie played duets with Lady Mabel, and was so afraid of getting a headache from stephanotis that he had the flower placed outside the window. We were glad to see at the end of this tiresome play, "Quick Curtain."

An Artist's Diary

Through Greece and Dalmatia. By MRS. RUSSELL BARRINGTON. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE authoress did no more than keep a diary of six weeks' itinerary, a rather thoughtful, reflective diary, betraying a temperament easily impressed by the artistic beauty of things, albeit somewhat liable to put art and artists before that nature from which art derives its inspiration. Illustrative of this is the remark that "Watts was constantly seeing a picture by Titian in Nature." With all due deference to the late G. F. Watts and to the author, this smacks too much of Mark Twain's complaint in Italy, that "the Creator made the universe from designs by Michelangelo." For Nature is greater, and produces finer work, than even Titian or G. F. Watts, and the average temperament is content to recognise the world's great natural pictures without reducing them to the phase or view-point which is all an artist can convey.

This diary form of writing leads to strange English at times. "But it is not the perceptible theatre we see from the road which is the one which first existed, but an unnoticeable arrangement of stones behind the visible amphitheatre, where the tragedies of Æschylus are said to have been performed during his lifetime," is a difficult

sentence to swallow at one gulp. We do not ask that the traveller desirous of recording his or her impressions should be a stylist, but we do ask, in all books that bear the imprint of such a publishing house as this, for clear, readable language, that we may grasp the author's meaning with regard to things seen, and may be saved the trouble of elucidating such twisted phraseology as above.

A query as to "wherein lies the power of this great Greek art—its sublime serenity, calm force, and supreme inevitableness," may be answered—not so flippantly as at first appears—by the Japanese suggestion that the Greeks had no antiques from which to copy. For therein lies the power of their art—they founded a school, developed the conception of beauty in the human figure, and, as this author says, they wrought with the "unquestioned reality of the spiritual life within them."

A word must be said concerning the illustrations, which—excepting always the exquisite frontispiece to the book—do not adequately illustrate the subject matter, and are not placed with any sense of fitness. Facing the matter which likens the impressions produced by viewing the acropolis to the effect of hearing the "Moonlight" sonata, and traces the relations between great art and great music, is set a view of "the porch of the Byzantine church of the Kapnicarea," an incongruous, discordant interruption to a piece of fine writing. For, in spite of the defects noted above, this book contains some excellent harmonies of writing, and evinces on the authoress's part a fine sense of beauty. It is no untrained globe-trotter who writes, but rather one who, knowing little of the writer's craft, sets out to record impressions of great things viewed in the light of archæological, architectural, and artistic knowledge—one who can distinguish between the real and the sham, and feel indignant at the sight of Greek beauty ruined by renaissance "restoration." So much for Greece, and space will not permit us to deal with the Dalmatian portion. It is a book of many defects, for it was not "written" in the sense that an ordinary volume is compiled; it is, nevertheless, a book of things that, lacking newness, never grow old, a record of personal observation and unstudied thoughts, and a work of more than common interest.

Criticism and Vivacity

From Theatre to Music-hall. By W. R. TITTERTON.
(Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

TO review adequately Mr. Titterton's latest book would require a volume as large as that before us. And then the result of our labours would be the production of a paraphrase of Mr. Titterton's volume; a paraphrase perhaps more orderly, more explanatory, and less discursive, but still a paraphrase. There are so many good things, there is such a wide survey, the method is so different from the restricted and particularised type of dissection which is the *modus operandi* of the ordinary dramatic critic, that the book must be acquired, by legi-

timate or other means, and read. Mr. Titterton describes and analyses the work of many of the dramatists and actors and music-hall performers of the day in a manner which is at once entertaining and enlightening; and though at times our idols receive rough handling, yet behind the occasional extravagances and exaggerations, we feel that there is the solid foundation of sound criticism. The book does not contain a dull page; its extraordinary vivacity is both a tonic and an inspiration in these days of the matter-of-fact.

Whither has the drama moved since the days of Shakespeare? It is exceedingly difficult to pigeon-hole the differences between the main characteristics of the Elizabethan drama and that of the moderns. In the first place, we seem to believe no longer in free-will. The dramatist and actor of to-day perform their respective duties with a mathematical precision which is awesome in its thoroughness. We might go further and say that each actor-manager has his particular set of mathematical formulæ; the subordinate members of the company take their cues from the "head"; they imitate the managerial strut and voice; they sacrifice individuality and original interpretation. "Drama is born of the clash of temperament against its temperamental environment; yet the fidgets of a nervous man in an unbleached shirt are not necessarily dramatic." We wander round the theatres looking for life—and we find it not. Life can be reflected in the farce and in the comedy equally as in the so-called "serious play." But we usually come away empty—we see soulless marionettes, puppets exercising themselves with machine-like accuracy. Mr. Titterton blames the drama; but we blame the spirit of the age. This age will probably be known to the historian of the future as "the soulless age"; our duties have become so specialised, our spheres of action are so rigidly defined—these are the characteristics of modern civilisation. It is the eye that is now entranced: there are so few minds crying out for nourishment: inspiration is dead. The dramatist of to-day chooses the world of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and endeavours to construct real drama. Wilde used it to produce the greatest farce of the language. It is the world of burlesque, not of reality: it is the foundation of what may be called the "stiff-shirted drama" of to-day, of that drama of puppet dukes and golliwog marchionesses who perform their ludicrous antics under the direction of the dramatist-showman.

Mr. Titterton succinctly crystallises another distinguishing factor when he remarks, "There is sex-emotion in all of Shakespeare's plays, but he wrote not one drama of sex!" And again "the public does not get what it wants, but what it will put up with." To quote—very approximately—Margaret in "Fanny's First Play," "There is nothing left for the rising generation to do—except to shock its parents." We don't believe it; the parents thoroughly love the process—from the stage; they presume that it is a part of the smartness of the epigrammatic dialogue.

From Wilde until now drama has suffered under this incubus of smartness. Every now and then, in

every comedy, the actor pauses in his ticking like an alarm clock about to go off, turns to the audience, and delivers his immortal word. Usually the immortal word is a very poor thing, and the effect of these paste diamonds, glittering along the fringe of ill-fitting, shoddy dialogue, is poorer.

The second portion of the book deals with the music-halls in a vein which is more descriptive and less critical than that of the first part. But here every line holds us—whether writing of the Russian Ballet, Vesta Tilley, or the Follies—every page forms part of an inspiring picture of its side of London life. We might sometimes wish that the writer had concentrated and elaborated the earlier and more creative section of the book; but we fear that much of the refreshing quality would have vanished in the refining process. We are not always in complete agreement with Mr. Titterton, but we like him the better for that. "From Theatre to Music-hall" should find its way into every holiday parcel.

European South America

Guiana: British, Dutch, and French. By JAMES RODWAY. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

HIS previous work, dealing with the history and with the forests of these countries, has given us convincing proof that no one is better qualified to deal with the subject of the Guianas than the author of this present work. A long residence, indeed, in these last remaining lands of the Southern Continent which are still subject to European authority has endowed Mr. Rodway with a knowledge of these such as is the lot of few. It is high time that the Guianas were represented in the notable outflow of South American literature which is now occurring. For some reason or other it would seem the fate of these particular countries to suffer neglect in this respect as well as in other directions. Now that this book, in addition to some others dealing with the same subject, has appeared, the reader cannot refrain from a certain wonder as to why the modern description of the Guianas has been so long delayed. Mr. Rodway himself voices this view admirably in his introduction:—

Nowadays, even though one of its governors called British Guiana a "magnificent province," it is practically ignored. It gained a few weeks' notoriety when the Venezuela Boundary trouble raised fears of a war with the United States, but soon again fell into the background when the cloud passed over. Demerara sugar is well known, but few recognise that Demerara practically means British Guiana. Its gold, diamonds, balata, and greenheart timber are only familiar to experts. . . . The newspaper man knew the country in connection with the Dreyfus case, and no doubt looked upon it as unfit for a dog, much less a Christian.

Mr. Rodway deals exhaustively with the history of these countries, for the possession of which so much blood was shed in the past, and in the early days of colonisation were valued so highly that the site of the

present city of New York was less considered than a similar spot in British Guiana! The various groupings and re-arrangements of the three Powers which followed each other with such rapidity in the triangular wars of the English, French, and Dutch are of extreme interest. Coming to modern times, that which claims the chief attention here—as elsewhere—is the question of labour. The prosperity of Guiana has always depended on the amount of labour it was possible to import. In this respect it may surprise many to learn that the negro fails as a plantation labourer—mainly because he expects higher pay than the estates can afford! The Chinese, too, although they have become very useful colonists, have proved little better as agricultural labourers. The East Indian, on the other hand, has, according to Mr. Rodway, justified to the full the experiment of his introduction, and it seems likely that it is upon his efforts that the country will have to depend for its future prosperity; for the climate of Guiana, like that of many other places in South America, is not of the kind which permits white labour. These various problems, as well as an intimate general description, are fully dealt with in this very able work, which is adequately illustrated with photographs.

One of the "Gardens of History"

The Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI. By the Most Rev. ARNOLD H. MATHEW, D.D. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

THERE is little doubt that mankind as a whole is rather attracted by criminology. The baser sort gratifies its curiosity in the perusal of journals of a special kind; the respectable citizen takes his crime in his stride, as an ingredient in his respectable newspaper; and even the more cultivated are by no means sorry when the course of their serious studies leads them from time to time across one of those "Gardens of History"—to quote a pretty title employed, almost *ad hoc*, by M. Gebhart—that have been watered with the blood and the tears of ancient wrong-doing.

One of these oases is the story of the Borgias. The criminal reputation of this extraordinary family is too well established for the fashionable arts of the rehabilitator to have more than a passing effect. Their collective guilt remains a constant quality, though the distribution of responsibility among the individuals of the family varies as the biographer. In Dr. Mathew's book, for instance, there is only one really first-class villain—Cæsar, Duke of Valentinois. Pope Alexander, after the most promising beginnings, seems to have suffered shipwreck on the sands of sentimentalism, after a too early apprenticeship in the "good old gentlemanly," but unromantic, vice of Avarice. The sinister Lucrezia, we are invited to believe, was, like most of the bad women of History, very much more sinned against than sinning, and lived the greater part of her life as a pattern wife and mother. The Pope and his daughter were, in fact, reluctant tools in the hands of Machiavelli's model "Principe."

Dr. Mathew has compiled a stirring and crowded narrative. A large dose of French History in its more complicated moments gives us some sort of repose from the even more involved politics of Borgian Italy, but seems to us rather too conscientious a discharge of an undoubted duty. The history of the period is indeed such a tangle that it would be impossible, in moderate compass, to give it clearness and unity. Charles VIII entering Italy is often regarded as the herald of modern Europe; the Borgias, in certain aspects, represent a vanishing civilisation, based on conceptions that we cannot nowadays even understand—perhaps the Futurists will revive their explanation. Luther had not yet come to narrow down the debate. Dr. Mathew is generally master of his puppet-show, but the figures sometimes profit by the odds in their favour. It is at such moments that we feel the need for a fuller index, and for a more rigorous control of the relations between relative or demonstrative pronouns and their antecedents. We like the descents of Avernus to be "bien ratissées"; we come there in holiday mood.

It is curious that the Borgias have not been more exploited in literature. The work on which Dr. Mathew bases most of his conclusions, the Diary of John Burchard, Pontifical Master of the Ceremonies under Alexander VI and other Popes, is now appearing in an English translation. But it is safe to say that to the average English reader nothing of the period is known except some of its legends. The present work should serve as a useful corrective. Alexander and Cæsar are both made comprehensible, though we doubt if the extenuating circumstances urged in their favour, that the one was a Liberal Mæcenas and had crises of remorse, and that the other was an efficient administrator, really ought to have much weight. Perhaps the most eloquent excuse for two of the grimmest personages in history is contained in the answer to the Pope of a Tiber boatman, who had seen the corpse of the Duke of Gandia (murdered by his brother, Cæsar) thrown into the river: "on being asked why he had not informed the authorities of the occurrence, Schiavoni answered that he had, during his lifetime, seen over a hundred corpses thrown into the Tiber, and had never heard any inquiry about them."

Shorter Reviews

Archives d'Etudes Orientales. Edited by J. A. LUNDELL. Vol. I.—*Etudes phonologiques sur le Dialecte arabe vulgaire de Beyrouth.* By EMANUEL MATSSON. Vol. II.—*Etudes sur le Culte d'Ichtar.* By NILS NILSSON. Vol. III.—*Sur la Formation du Génitif pluriel en Serbe.* By ANTON KARLGREN. Vol. IV.—*Les Débuts de la Cartographie du Japon.* By E. U. DAHLGREN. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 5 fr. 25 c.; 1 fr.; 2 fr. 75 c.; and 2 fr. 75 c. respectively; and Appelberg, Upsala.)

IT is rather difficult to understand on what common base these four brochures are supposed to stand. They are all the work of Swedish students, and they are all

concerned with that comprehensive geographical conception—"the East." But when we find that one of the subjects is an incident of Servian grammar, we think that "the East" has become a little too vague to be the germ of a true "Corpus Scientiæ." Another feature of the series that flouts uniformity is the varying character of the methods. That is, of course, the fault of the subjects; many people have an inkling as to the nature of Ishtar-worship, few are genuinely alive to the gravity of the problem of the Genitive Plural in Servian. But it is curious to find, cheek by jowl in the same series, a literary, almost eloquent apology, for the licentious rites of ancient Babylon, and a meticulous analysis of one grammatical or phonological process in a language that is little known to any but the native and the philological expert. M. Karlgren does his work very thoroughly; he gives the previous explanations of the baffling a of the Servian Genitive Plural, and dismisses most of them as not covering equally the two similar cases of Servian and Slovene. He then gives his own theory. M. Mattsson's work on the dialect of Beyrouth forms a more or less complete manual of the subject, especially as regards phonology. It is a far cry from Servia and Asia Minor to Japan, but, in spite of the specialisation that marks M. Dahlgren's "*Débuts de la Cartographie du Japon*," we suspect that this author has produced the most generally interesting work of the series. It is curious to learn that the first maps of Japan based on native diagrams can be assigned with some degree of probability to the first year of Elizabeth. The illustrative maps, some from rare sources, are excellently reproduced.

Pierre Rosegger: L'Homme et l'Œuvre. By A. VULLIOD. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10 fr.)

M. VULLIOD has achieved a monument of industry. In 500 massive pages he has told the story, and analysed the work, of a living foreign author. We doubt if it could be done more completely, and certainly we should consider that a fuller treatment would, in this case, be excessive. A critic and an author can never be in full community so long as they are separated by one of the outlying buttresses of the Tower of Babel. But this, after all, is only true of purely literary criticism, and there is a great deal in M. Vulliod's work that is valuable and permanent. Few writers have had so varied and interesting a career as Herr Rosegger. It is one of the few careers that are interesting through their successes rather than their failures. From the early adversities of his peasant home in Styria to the days of his universal recognition as one of the great masters of German literature, there has hardly been a single reverse. M. Vulliod's sketch of the writer's mother gives us a glimpse of a noble woman, full of a wisdom that is best called heavenly. The friends who appeared at each corner of the road to help him on were among the best men in

the whole of Austria. As to his work, it always bore the impress of his origins; though he occupied himself with politics and current affairs, including anti-Semitism and the "Los von Rom" movement, he will be known in literature as one of the best and most genuine exponents of the "régionalisme" that is becoming an article of faith with the critics. In Rosegger's case it has taken a variety of forms, and Styrian gaiety, even in its less decorous moods, is represented, as well as Styrian piety and passion.

The Religion of Sciences: The Faith of Coming Man. By JAMES W. LEE. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5s. net.)

THE writer of this treatise wishes us to understand that, whereas the science of religion is the result of the study of comparative religions, Christianity is the Religion of Science, "because it is found to be the perfect expression and complete realisation of the idea which students, who have formulated our science of religion, tell us is at the bottom of all religions."

There is not much that is new in this book, although the method and illustration are often original and arrest attention. It requires some assurance to assert that Christianity is the source of all natural and heathen religions. So the postulate is assumed that "Christianity is as old as God." While religion has a real value for the needs of every-day life, one thing must always remain impossible—that is, any attempt to abolish its mystery, or to translate it into a language that we fully understand. But the author's fine purpose may be inferred from one delightful sentence: "Out of vast piles of theological straw the spiritual leaders of our race have found enough wheat to make the bread of life without which the teeming millions of God's hungry children would have starved."

Biographies of Scientific Men. By A. B. GRIFFITHS, Ph.D. Illustrated. (Robert Sutton. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN this volume the author has compiled in a handy form short biographies of fifteen of the world's most famous scientists. He has condensed into a small compass practically all the available information concerning each one, and his book should prove especially useful to young students who have not the opportunity of consulting more ambitious works. The volume opens with an account of Lavoisier, the illustrious father of modern chemistry, who was barbarously guillotined during the Reign of Terror, and closes with the biography of Lord Kelvin, one of the grandest figures in the history of science. The portraits and other illustrations add to the interest of the book; but the one bearing the title, "Copy of the Death Warrant of Lavoisier" is really the official report of his execution; indeed, it bears on the margin the words "Procès-verbal d'exécution de mort."

Fiction

The Thorn-bush Near the Door. By SOPHIE COLE. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

IT seems as though every second novel we take up in these days had an artist for its hero. We used to think that the artistic temperament was a difficult one to handle in fiction, but this opinion does not appear to be shared by the young authors of the day. They embark upon the task gaily; their materials are very simple and their results quite easily attained. Take a good-looking young man, divide his morals by three, put a paint-brush in his hand and set him in an untidy studio under the roof of a dusty house, induce him to voice some of the more usual unconventionalities and to talk a good deal of very commonplace studio talk, and the thing is done. If he marries and keeps his wife in the corner of the studio, so much the better; it is the sort of thing an artist would do. If he becomes involved with a former model and is tried for murdering her, better still. This is what Miss Sophie Cole has done in the usual way and with the usual amount of success. Her heroine, a suburban girl with a vulgar father—as a matter of fact he was not really her father—and tastes above her surroundings, interested us until she began to develop strength of character. It is extraordinary how dull people with strong characters are in fiction. We cannot say that the artist hero ever interested us much, although he was quite free from strength of character. We knew too well everything that he was going to say and nearly everything that he was going to do.

A Superman in Being. By LITCHFIELD WOODS. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

THE superman, Professor Snaggs, is no more convincing than Nietzsche himself. By means of an unusual amount of personal attractiveness—unusual, at least, in a blind professor of history—he succeeded in persuading his secretary to become his mistress. When, later on, the right man comes into her life, the superman confesses her lapse for her, and persuades the right man to marry her in spite of everything.

There is the plot, sordid and little enough in all conscience. It speaks well for the author's subtlety that he has made this a witty, clever book—but we are not convinced by the story. The superman is amusing enough, the cleverness of his paradoxical reasoning is amusing, and the way in which he jerks the other puppets of the story about is exceedingly amusing. The book is worth reading for its cleverness, but we are left with the sense that the author has accomplished a very fine intellectual exercise, manipulated a number of dolls with great skill, rather than that he has dealt with real people and real situations. We do not claim that melodramatic and emotional scenes are essential to the novel of to-day, but we do claim that it is hardly

possible to settle a big problem, such as is presented in the plot of this book, with the casuistries of Professor Snaggs—the result of such a settlement is an impression of unreality which we cannot escape. Let the author try his hand at lighter matter, for his manner is excellently suited to light comedy, not to such drama as he has attempted here.

The Knightly Years. By W. M. ARDAGH. (John Lane. 6s.)

"THE MAGADA," by W. M. Ardagh, was very well spoken of, and this, a second book, with the same local setting—the Canary Islands—is a picturesque novel, dealing with the same historical period, just before the beginning of the Inquisition. The old story of a man's love for a maid was as true in those days as now, and this tale, in its antique setting, is none the less a jewel. The passions were fiercer, it is true, but the results were the same. One takes a little time to become accustomed to the Spanish words used, but, when these are mastered, the reader becomes quite engrossed with the characters and their ultimate fate. We know that Spain and its dependencies are the home of proverbs, but it is somewhat strange to find that the saying, "More people know Tom fool than Tom fool knows," has so mediæval an origin. Doramillo, the hero, is a pattern for modern lovers, for, no matter what happens, he keeps his temper and is finally rewarded. The book provides a new country, new habits and customs, all fresh for the reader jaded with Mayfair and its modern ways.

Impertinent Reflections. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH the usual acknowledgment for reproduced matter does not precede this collection of sketches, we feel certain that a number of them have appeared, and that the rest ought to have appeared, in the columns of some periodical or other. They are witty in the extreme, especially those which treat of the regeneration of our effete aristocracy by means of an infusion of chorus-girl blood. But, except as a volume from which to pick three or four pages of very light reading when in the mood for it, sketches like these have no business to appear in book form. We can imagine the joy with which a newspaper reader would turn to the column containing one of them, how he would appreciate the writer's high spirits and enjoy the point of each delicate yet stinging allusion to the class of highly placed, utterly brainless individuals who never existed as a class—though certain exceptions give cause for the allusions. But, if that same newspaper reader were presented with this book, and tried to read it in three or four sittings, he would be weary and surfeited with overmuch light cleverness, and would wish that he had taken the champagne in smaller doses. And that is exactly what has happened to us.

The Deserted Village

IT was for no village in England that the Irishman Goldsmith coined that title, but his own village in the middle-west of Ireland. There are lines in his poem, looking out through the disguising sleekness of eighteenth-century sentiment, that have the print on them of the place of which they speak. Such lines as:—

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.

Yet the rustic convention of his day caused him to disguise the true lineaments beyond recognition. Spring had perforce to smile; and the hawthorn bush to have its seats beneath the shade; so that it is not easy to discover where the true figure ends and the adornments begin.

At least the deserted village I have in my mind has no resemblance, facial or spiritual, to that which Goldsmith depicts. It hangs on the side of a mountain, on one of two muscle-lines that twist diagonally across its side, as though it were a giant stretching itself after long slumbers and about to pitch the village into the valley in the act. Across the valley rises a hill that dips into a bay, on the other side of which rise the Menawn Cliffs sheer from the water's edge. On these cliffs, in old days, was a Druid sacrificial site, and on the summit of the hill was another, so that these stately hierarchs could view each other as they passed through their fierce rituals. Above the old village the mountain rises precipitously to its summit, about which, save on the finest of days, the clouds always cling, rough rock and sedgy bog making the ascent.

Standing on the hill that can recollect the Druid tramp and chant mixing with the wind that tore its sides, the sight is full of awe. To the west, above the swelling and falling of hills strewn with heather and heavy with bog, the great Croghaun arises, to within two hundred feet or so of Slieve More, the mountain opposite. Clare Island, like the land of heart's desire in beautiful suggestion of curve and colour poised on the face of the waters, and the further islands of Clew Bay, float away to the south. The infinite array of the mountains of the mainland stands wisely clustered to the east; and the strong, stately mass opposite blots out the ocean to the north. Of the grandeur of isolation it is impossible to convey an idea. On the edge of the ocean beneath the hill to the south two villages cluster, with white walls and thatched roofs showing dimly to the eye; but among the hills the desolation is almost undisturbed. The voice of the wind whistling through the heather, or falling with deeper note on the sheer wall of Slieve More, or, somewhat to the north, crying in a sad minor through the

branches of three solitary old twisted thorns near the base of the mountain, is almost the only sound to break the silence—save for the cry of the curlew, plover, and bittern when it is their day. It is a scene fit to breed such august spirituality as one finds among the people. It would be stern, except that there is a haunting spirit of tenderness, a mystical whimsey, mixed somehow into the scene. It is as though the face of the god were stern, but that in his eyes a soft light leaned.

On one of the evenings when I stood on this hill, tranced almost to forgetfulness of the moment and its circumstance, there were two voices that echoed across the valley in the falling dusk. They were a man and a woman driving home their cattle, for I could hear the tone of their voices calling high and low to each other, and I could, by looking intently in the direction from which their voices came, see the deep crimson of the woman's petticoat, and now and then the movement of her naked legs as she stepped down sure-footedly from the uplands upon the hillocks of the bog. I could not hear what they said; but that she was speaking in bitter complaint of something, and that he was replying in immovable resignation was apparent, for there is as much meaning in the pitch of a phrase as in the words that compose it. The effect was strange in the quietness and the dusk. The voices circled about the valley, speaking no words, but carrying on an infinite conversation in the pitch and tone that they chose to convey their precise shade of meaning.

For the village, though deserted, is not always altogether uninhabited. Owing to reasons, over which, in a sketch of this kind, it is wise to draw a veil, but of which Goldsmith was not ignorant, some time ago the inhabitants combined to withdraw and join one of the villages at the edge of the sea. Therefore the whole place fell into perpetual disrepair. Now no one can hinder weatherbound, or nightbound, folk from contenting themselves with the scanty shelter of shambly walls and a leaky roof. Consequently some of those families that had pastured their flocks on the hills continued to do so during the summer months; and it was small blame to them if they chose to deny themselves the additional two miles walk to the bay, and preferred instead to shelter at the foot of the hills. The turf smoke no longer curls up the side of the god-like mountain brooding above, like a grateful incense; certainly it very seldom does, and then only in a single wisp: but voices still mingle with the silence, and are subdued by the stillness to something of its own suggestion.

The village, indeed, is sadder for its few and vagrant inhabitants. They are like the solitary figures that so mysteriously stand up and accentuate a loneliness. In the lanes between the houses there are no marks of footsteps, but only stones and rough grass. Some of the cottages are quite dismantled; some still rear their walls, with more or less of spare roof to them: others are more nearly intact. Some were built in the old manner of shepherd cots: walls of loose stones built as nearly as possible together, but through which the wind

could find its entrance, and low roofs of unthatched turf; others with well-compounded walls, and roofs to which the thatch still clings and twists in the wind. But the walls are no longer white; and there are few doors to them. It is like walking through some city of the dead, silent, dismantled, and reminiscent of the presences of the past. Then the sound of a boot is heard, and a man emerges from one of the huts; or the soft pad of a naked foot, and a woman's crimson petticoat swings round a corner; and it is almost like one of the spirits of the past appearing to resent the prohibited intrusion on their soil. The mountain is desolate; the Druid-hill is desolate; the distance is desolate; the village of desertion is terribly desolate; but there is nothing so desolate as the one man standing at the top of the lane and looking down in wonder at the intruder. One says to him, to relieve the oppression, "It's a decent day"; and the reply comes back, "It's a grand day, indeed." But it makes no difference.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

A Reader's Complaint

I CANNOT help feeling a sudden antipathy to the books—certainly you are mistaken if you take it for my professional jealousy as a writer—at a bookseller's shop—the books in a row, by hundreds, thousands, ten thousands, let me say, the somehow inhuman sad display; even when it was my thought to buy some copies, I always left there with nothing in my pocket, but leaving behind a sort of unnatural smile sometimes born from dissatisfaction or uneasiness of mind. And suppose I happen to buy some book by a writer whose world-famous name would even scare my Oriental timidity, and take the copy home, I will only place it, with my Japanese sentimental bows, upon a well-dusted table by the southern window where the scented breezes ever call, or on the *tokonoma*, the matted little alcove, where the shadows or ghosts graceful and wise always gather themselves; I do not try to open the pages and read them, as the mere fact of my possessing a copy has already half-filled my spiritual hunger, and at once ceased to excite my sense of curiosity. Have I no desire for reading? Why haven't I? I have a great appetite or curiosity for reading; and that is the chief reason for my not opening the books so often carelessly; I hate the disappointment of reading, let me declare, more than death—indeed, more than death. I will tell you what a delightful moment I always have when I turn a page or two of some nondescript book that I find upon the table in my friend's sitting-room—I verily seldom call upon the people whose formal drawing-room alone opens for me—while waiting for his presence, as doubtless he might be washing his face or breakfasting—let me say that all my friends are late risers—or, better still, when I make my lazy eyes run at random over the lines, while my ear, left or right, is listening to his talk on this and that.

The "Essays of Elia" often tire my mind; their too many dashes and parentheses worked certainly a mischief to alienate me from Lamb. Oh, if Hazlitt were not so talkative! I always dislike to read Emerson, because I silently object to grow wiser and saner, in another word, to grow old; it was the work of Carlyle more than anybody else that I lost my innocent appetite, and cannot eat breakfast or dinner, even the simplest diet of raw fishes and rice, uncritically. I think that I became a pessimist from the occasional reading of love lyrics of Herrick, who was so hopelessly childish to disturb the rectory silence with his laughter and eternal Maying, but how envious I am of Keats, who died young. It was Hazlitt—he quite frequently confessed truly from his heart of hearts while talking too tiresomely—who remarked that the reading of Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes" made him regret that he was not young again; let us curse, of course, old age, even middle age. If I am afraid to read Keats, once my most beloved poet, to-day, it is indeed from the reason that hundreds and thousands of ghosts or shadows of my youthful days make at once their innocent, therefore frightful, presence to shout and laugh over my tired, though not particularly sad, certainly prosaic, aspect of the present time; I often ask myself if I did fully live and spend my days of youth. Oh, young men, let me declare, who are after, as Hamlet says, "Words, words, words," and books, come out into the air, amid trees, where birds sing and nameless flowers bloom, and learn what Life means, that is to say, how to revel, revolt, excite, and cry; if you do not laugh and cry when you can laugh and cry, I should say that you never shall be able to laugh and cry again.

The other day when a cup of green tea made me slowly enter the reminiscent mood already at early morning, I called for my pencil and paper to jot down my own story of younger days; but before I reached the third page, always that interesting page for the sudden turn of my thought, I gave up the writing, and exclaimed: "What use to write on the past and younger days. How silly! What a waste of ink and paper! Why don't I write up about my own future? Am I growing already so old as to write on the past and draw a few stupid tears—perhaps a few points of pride, too—out of the younger experience?" I often thought if my dear friend Yoshio Markino would publish, if he must publish, "A Japanese Artist in London," ten or twenty years later, or even thirty years later, his artistic fame would never suffer if he didn't publish it at all. To write such a delightful book like Markino's—I am happy to count him as my friend—one should have a good deal of honesty which disarms your criticism; but to leave the book unwritten altogether, why, he must have a great personality. When anybody begins to talk on himself, even when he talks on the experience innocent and simple, it is vulgarity in the strict literary sense; if not vulgarity, certainly it is mediocrity, however excusable. I know that the people in England as well as in America in general take the books of reminiscences kindly; in that fact I see that they are the people of

enough mediocrity, if not stupidity. (Am I too sarcastic?) To speak of the Anglo-Saxon mediocrity, I should say that even the egoism we see in Wilde, Shaw, and two or three others is mediocrity slightly upside down; what does the emphasis of these writers really count? It would matter very little likely. And what about their opinions, characters and achievements? What they regard as the supremacy of the intellect I think frequently proves the opposite and the reverse; the fact is, is it not? that they cannot change the real course of humanity and love through the intellectual. What interests me about the intellectual poets, dramatists, essayists, and what not is rather their failure.

I love, even admire, the egoism in man, therefore in book, because the man or book called egoistic is often the most natural man or book. You enter first into the forest and shut up yourself against the outside interruption like a snail, then you can tell truly how the grasses grow, the birds fly and the moon rises; you should keep quite a distance to get the real perspective of humanity and life; how kind and tender the solitude and silence would be for you. While I know so little about Walt Whitman, I think I can vindicate him from the charge of "egoism"; even in the places where he appears as if acting a low comedian or circus rider, he is sincere in his heart. I recall to my mind how Joaquin Miller, the California bard singing by the seas where the sun goes down, the old friend of mine—the dear old days I spent with him at his mountain ranch—used to raise a hue and cry saying that was an Indian song, when I came across, for example, the following lines in Whitman's poem:—

"Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sauk,
Natchez, Chattahoochee, Kaqueta, Oronoco,
Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh,
Walla-Walla."

Although I do not know that a boy would become a man, I do know that the boy has certainly the possibility to become the man; my best beloved poet would be one who has the possibility to become a great poet; and my best beloved book is not the book with thoughts and wisdoms packed in, but the book which reveals the process of how the thoughts and wisdoms worked and struggled. What I love in the book, to say shortly, is its incompleteness; when I think that the half-truth will often turn to the whole truth by magic or virtue, that incompleteness, too, would become completeness.

The readers might ask me what is my book, whose book I love best. I will declare for once and all: "None that exists in the world." Am I a hater of the book? Oh, no; but if I hate it, that is because I love the book too much. The greatest love, not only in the book, but almost any other phase of life and humanity, lives together with the greatest hatred under the same roof. Let me hate the book. And again let me love the book.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

TO the modern musician who can see no progress in anything that does not contravene all scholastic rules and ancient conventions, Coleridge-Taylor, who died so suddenly this week, was a disappointment. Some of his earliest works quite shocked the conservatives of the day in which they were written, though in view of what has been done by many of the composers of his own age, or a few years younger, even they are to be classed now as belonging to the less progressive schools. He was, nevertheless, really a progressive composer, and his idiom was as original as that of almost any composer of the twentieth century. How much of this was owing to his mixed parentage it is impossible to say, but that some of it was so is certain. As is easily gathered from his family name, his recent ancestry was not unconnected with romantic poetry, and this fact, and perhaps even more his knowledge of the fact, doubtless gave his work a tendency to a romantic nature.

The characteristics of his work which made for popularity were those which were most important from the highest artistic aspects. He had a remarkable control of the possibilities of rhythm, a similar control and knowledge of the possibilities of tone-colour, especially with the orchestra, and an unfailing fount of melody. Few have the ability to compose an obvious tune that appeals to the musician as strongly as it appeals to the popular imagination, yet Coleridge-Taylor possessed this to a very high degree.

Despite his regard for some of the older rules and conventions with regard to matters of structure, in the matter of years he was younger than some who have hardly yet sown their artistic wild oats. He was only just thirty-seven years of age, having been born on August 15, 1875, and the work which first made his reputation general, and deservedly so, was completed fourteen years ago, and produced very shortly afterwards. This was "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," to which he added "The Death of Minnehaha" and "Hiawatha's Departure." The same subject formed the inspiration of a still later work, an overture to the "Song of Hiawatha," which, however, has not yet attained the popularity of the choral work.

Subsequent compositions varied considerably, both in merit and in popularity, though all had the same workmanlike structure, the same control of his forces, and the same practical performing qualities. It is this last that has contributed largely to his popularity with amateur choral and orchestral bodies. Such difficulties as his works contain for the executant are of a nature which allows of their being overcome with such practice as the earnest amateur can give, while the material is such that the necessary practice is always interesting and usually highly pleasurable.

After the Hiawatha trilogy he appears to have been more successful with the shorter forms than with longer ones. "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé" was probably his greatest failure, and again in this case, as with his successes, both critics and public were agreed. More successful was "Meg Blane," a rhapsody of the sea, which he wrote for the Sheffield Festival of 1902 to words by Robert Buchanan, and still more so was his setting of Alfred Noyes' "A Tale of Old Japan," written nine years later. Both deal with matters of poignant grief, the former being tempered with the clash of the elements and the struggle of overcoming them, while the latter is on a subject of intimate personal sorrow.

Considering the marked ability which Coleridge-Taylor showed in writing for the orchestra, both in the accompaniments to his choral works and in such short orchestral works as are extant, it seems as though he had lost an opportunity in not devoting more time to this class of composition. In the comparative early "Ballade in A Minor," composed for the Gloucester Festival of 1898, there is a perfect tonal and rhythmic equipoise that promised greatly for the future had he continued this class of writing. The same thing may be said of his still earlier "Ballade in D Minor" for violin and orchestra, and, in fact, of all his instrumental works. His neglect of instrumental music, though not entire, is very remarkable when it is remembered that he was a capable violinist and had in late years developed by constant practice considerable ability as a conductor. It is true he appeared to be one of that class of composers who require a direct objective to exercise their talents in any particular direction; but with the opportunities which he had of hearing his own orchestral works there needs some further explanation of this abstention. Possibly there may be works for the orchestra or other instrumental combinations which have not yet seen the light; this is hardly likely, however, considering his large output. It is more probable that he looked at the matter from a practical point of view, and, finding the public demand was for choral works, set himself to meet this demand. In this matter he has not seriously exploited the many methods of vocal tone-colour which some of our English composers have done, but he has provided a number of works which lend themselves to modern expressive methods, and which also are infused with musical genius. As a composer of songs it was only occasionally that he did anything very remarkable, but his songs, just as his choral and instrumental works, are all essentially practical, and generally very beautiful.

What his ultimate position may be it is difficult to forecast, his very popularity during his own lifetime only increasing the difficulty. The least that can be said is that he has worked well for his own day; the most that can be hoped is that a goodly proportion of his works will live on, while the rest will sink into an oblivion that is never less than merciful.

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

JUST now we are at a season which particularly emphasises the distinctions between the habits of the workers and of the leisured. So far as London is concerned, it is now that the former return and the latter do not. There are a few other distinctions besides, but this is the one which obtrudes itself chiefly at this time of the year. There is no need for complaint in the matter. That everyone should even obtain a temporary change of scene is an advantage of purely modern birth. For nowadays everyone is a traveller. Some travel when they will, others when they may; that is all. In its own way a trip to Southend is as great an achievement as a voyage to the West Indies. Being of an indolent disposition, I would infinitely prefer the latter adventure to the former so far as strenuous hard work is concerned. Indeed, once on board a modern floating palace, all sense of active travel necessarily becomes lost, except when the waves take the trouble to exert themselves to an altogether exceptional extent. There is no doubt that each year diminishes the difference between a liner and a shore hotel, and the old salt romance of the sea is pushed further and further into the background by the crowded procession of creature comforts. The result is evident not only in lifts, bands, and self-contained suites of apartments; it has worked a revolution in the crew itself. Properly speaking, there is a sufficiency of sailors left. But, in point of actual numbers, the captain, his officers, the quartermaster, and seamen form a mere group that is lost in the crowd. The great majority of the modern ship's complement is made up of stewards and sea-labourers.

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There are some lines, of course, which carry their ornamental ambitions further than others. It is largely a question of space. The leviathans which ply across the North Atlantic are naturally the most fortunate in this respect. They can blossom out with an enviable freedom into private restaurants, winter-gardens of an imposing size, and other attributes of the kind which a score of years ago were undreamed of in marine affairs. There is no doubt that the majority of steamship company directors and passengers work together in at least one respect, and that is in a whole-hearted attempt to defeat the monotony of the sea. A book might be written on the traditions and the changing customs of each line. One of the most pleasant of these latter, however trivial, is an institution which now prevails on the latest boats of the R.M.S.P., where the separate tables of the dining-saloon are arranged to accommodate the numbers of the various private parties on board. Thus it is possible to ask one's fellow-travellers and acquaintances to dine. No cheaper or more satisfactory form of entertaining can be imagined. For, in any case, the meals themselves are included in the passage money, and the sole cost of the function lies

in the charges for its liquid side. Therefore the gratitude of the guests may seem a little out of proportion. So far as the host is concerned, this need not matter. Even now there is continually something fresh to be learned on the ocean.

* * *

To return from the smaller topics of the greater seas, I have just concluded a flying visit to North Wales—to Criccieth, to be exact, the home of Mr. Lloyd George and the haunt of a ruined castle. I have often thought that it was his up-bringing in a land of so many grey and shattered monuments that inspired the Chancellor with his eagerness to see so many modern structures in a similar condition. If so, a rather touching motive is revealed for the childish sentimentality of his actions. But this is not what I wished to say about Criccieth. At the present moment there would seem to be two Criccieths. The one is represented by the summer visitors, mostly from the Midlands, who with the aid of motor-cars and motor chais-à-bancs tour with vast enjoyment the really beautiful surrounding country. The other is made up of the rightful natives and owners of the soil. It is not to be denied that these look somewhat sardonically upon the vagaries of their flightier guests. Since the occupation is profitable, they will consent to set up the tents even for such a purpose as that of Sabbath bathing. But there their responsibility ends. Their attitude is clearly non-committal. If the cool water portends a hot hereafter it will be the affair of the bathers alone. Nevertheless, it must not be judged from this that there is a lack of enterprise at Criccieth. Of the place itself there is no necessity for a description here. That has already been effected in a really admirable fashion by the L. and N.W. Railway, from less interested motives than mine.

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There is, nevertheless, one feature of Criccieth which must not be passed by in silence. That is the advent of the Rob Roy canoe. It is, I believe, only some four years since these small craft were introduced, and now they teem as thickly as the occasional wild duck on the waters of the bay. They are wonderful little ships, these, even to those accustomed to all the types of larger vessels. In order to enjoy one of them most thoroughly, carry out the following very simple programme. Take a canoe and paddle it to one of the neighbouring, rocky, frowning walls of coast. Then you may rise and fall on the oily swell—providing, of course, that such happens to be in existence at the time—while the waters, as they heave upwards, gurgle and roar in the crevices of the rock. Probably never in the course of your existence have you felt so completely frail and flimsy! The experience is one which can be gained in no other type of craft. There are caves to be entered, moreover, and curious explorations in the half-lights. But such adventures are only for the more daring. Forced upwards by the heave of the swell, to hit the roof of one of these caves might well mean an end of canoeing at Criccieth.

Napoleon the Third*—I

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

"When it comes to fixing the fathers of her children, Hortense is always confused about her dates."—Cardinal Fesch.

THIS *bon mot* of Cardinal Fesch is the key to the mystery surrounding the parentage of Napoleon III. No one knows for certain to this day who his father was. Hortense Beauharnais, the only daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, who perished on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror, was married to Louis, third brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, in the year 1802, at the age of nineteen. The gentle, amiable, pretty, frivolous Hortense, the daughter of a mother of fairly easy virtue, carried with her to the throne of Holland a husband whom she disliked and despised, and a warm Creole nature. The result of such an ill-starred union was not difficult to foresee. She became between 1802 and 1826 the mother of five sons, and of these the father of only one, the bastard De Morny, born in Paris in 1811, is known for certain.

Her first son, Napoleon Charles, who died in 1807, to the great regret of the Emperor, who seems to have fixed upon him as his heir, was either the son of Louis, or else, as many are inclined to believe, the son of Napoleon himself. There is little or no evidence to support this grave allegation, but the Baron D'Ambès, the author of these memoirs, tries to make out a case, evidently in the interests of the Napoleonic legend. It was vehemently denied both by Hortense and by the Emperor at St. Helena, and is contrary to all the known instincts of Napoleon's character. The existence of this intrigue is also vehemently denied by all those who were intimate friends and confidants of the First Consul throughout this period, and it is therefore more than likely that little Napoleon Charles was the legitimate child of Louis and Hortense.

The father of her second son, who was born about 1805, and who died or was assassinated in Italy, as some believe in 1831, is also equally uncertain, but the ex-King of Holland, in his famous letter to the Pope, on the occasion of his attempt against the Vatican which led to his death, claims the parentage.

Hortense's third son, Louis Napoleon, the subject of these memoirs, who afterwards became Napoleon III, was born in Paris towards the end of April, 1808. The ardent Bonapartists and upholders of the Second Empire, including the Baron D'Ambès, would have it believed that in July, 1807, Napoleon, after signing the Treaty of Tilsit, which left him undisputed master of Europe, revived an old passion for Hortense, and that Louis Napoleon was the issue of this *liaison*. But the evidence in support of this assertion is of the flimsiest, and there is some testimony to

the effect that about this period Hortense was living with her legitimate spouse during an effort at reconciliation. On the other hand, King Louis never regarded the child born in 1808 as his son, and repudiated him in his letter to the Pope already mentioned. He accepted the responsibilities of bringing him up, and eventually, having no other heir living, left him the bulk of his property.

Of all the misfortunes he has had to bear, surely the cruellest is to saddle Napoleon the Great with the parentage of Napoleon the Little. Not a point of resemblance can be traced between Napoleon I and Napoleon III. In appearance they were absolutely different. Napoleon III was not even a French type, and possessed strong Dutch characteristics. His build was entirely different, and his character weak, vacillating, easily led, incapable of accepting responsibility, and entirely devoid of any civil or military genius; was lacking, in fact, in every quality which made his reputed father the foremost figure of his or perhaps any other age. *A propos* of this, there is a good story told of a repartee of Prince Louis after he had ascended the Imperial throne. King Jerome, Napoleon's youngest brother, and uncle of Prince Louis Napoleon, was one of the first of the Bonapartists to rally round the latest upholder of the Legend and to seek rewards and emoluments. These constant claims of his insatiable relatives were a great source of worry to the new Emperor and led to many violent scenes. One day, after a very stormy interview, King Jerome lost his temper, and exclaimed, in the presence of the whole assembled family and Court officials, "You have nothing of the great Napoleon about you." "No," retorted Napoleon the Third, "nothing except his miserable relatives."

The amorous Hortense's fourth son, Auguste, who afterwards became famous under the Second Empire as the Duke de Morny, was born in Paris in 1811, and was the son of a dashing General and A.D.C. of Napoleon I, the Count de Flahaut. The Duc de Morny, who played such a prominent rôle in the Coup d'Etat, and Napoleon III were therefore half-brothers.

The life story of Napoleon III is one of the most dramatic in all history. He started life with little or no prospects, his sole asset of any value being the great name he bore. For many years he wandered around Europe, in Italy, Switzerland, and England, laughed at by most, believed in by few, at one time a "Carbonaro" in Italy, at another a peaceful country gentleman, composing essays, political and military, at a third a leader of London society and intimate with Lady Blessington and Comte D'Orsay. Throughout the vicissitudes of his early life he was buoyed up by one ray of hope—the strength of the Napoleonic Tradition. From earliest childhood he seems to have grasped with great foresight the fact that sooner or later the Napoleonic Legend would assert itself once more in France and bear the legitimate heir of the tradition to the head of the State, and perhaps to the Imperial throne. Without the Napoleonic Legend

* *Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.* By the late BARON D'AMBÈS. Edited and Translated by A. R. ALLINSON, M.A. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 24s. net.)

behind him, Louis Napoleon would have passed from the cradle to the grave comparatively unknown. His own unassisted talents would never have carried him to any great heights. On the other hand, his dreamy mind, his love of adventure, and his undoubted courage were admirably calculated to take full advantage of the "Legend" the moment a Napoleonic wave swept over the imaginative Gaulish mind. But he had long to wait. His abortive attempts to bring about a repetition of the "Return from Elba" at Strasburg and Boulogne, which only excited ridicule at the time, show how clearly he was anticipating the Revolution of 1848 and the plebiscite of the same year. The calm fortitude with which he bore his six years of imprisonment at Ham show that hope never left him.

The dramatic steps by which he was called to the Presidency of the Republic in 1848, the *coup d'état* by which he established the Dictatorship in 1851, and the plebiscite by which he re-established the Empire in 1852 are too well known to require repetition here. They all show that as a man he possessed at this period considerable political foresight and courage and energy with which to carry his designs into effect. But how far his success was due to his own unassisted talent, and how far to the efforts of the small and able group who were the instruments of his designs—namely, Morny, Saint Arnaud, Maupas, Magnan, Persigny, and Fleury—it is difficult to approximate. Probably the *coup* owed its success to the fact that the mass of the French nation, although not in the secret, were agreeable to any change which seemed likely to offer them a stable and firm government.

As a ruler, Louis Napoleon showed that he possessed many admirable qualities, and throughout the Second Empire France enjoyed great material prosperity. He was undoubtedly a good Liberal, and had the interests of the working classes genuinely at heart. The amount of material works and benefits conferred on France during his reign surpasses anything in the history of any other country. The rebuilding of Paris, which owed its conception to the Emperor, who chose that able instrument of his will, Baron Houssmann, should alone command for him a certain place in municipal history. Almost up to the disaster of Sedan he seems to have enjoyed an immense popularity with the mass of the French people, as is shown by the plebiscite of 1870.

The intimate memoirs of his lifelong friend and companion, the Baron D'Ambès, show clearly the faults and virtues of this Prince of Adventurers. The Napoleonic Tradition to which he owed his throne was also largely responsible for his downfall, and the difficulties which clouded the latter years of his reign. Napoleon III failed because he was not a strong enough character to control the vast structure of which he was the titular head, or the instruments which created that structure. With increasing years a great feebleness of character is evident in all the Emperor's actions. He possessed all the Napoleonic ideals and was the heir to all the Napoleonic traditions, but he was lacking in that energy

and force of character necessary to carry them into effect. He fell between two stools. He was not on the one hand a Constitutional Monarch; on the other he was quite unfitted to play the rôle of a Dictator. Consequently he was continually being driven from one policy to another by the influence of various groups of unscrupulous adventurers who happened to gain his ear. The Mornys, Maupases, Saint Arnands, the Persignys, and Fleurys were the real governors of France throughout his reign, with the result that the graft and corruption under the Second Empire have become notorious in history. Yet for nearly twenty years he stood out as the most powerful monarch in Europe, and no one outside of France seems to have suspected the inner rottenness of the splendid edifice until Bismarck and Moltke carefully analysed facts from fancies and decided that the hour to avenge Jena had at length arrived.

The Theatre

"Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre

FACED with the task of recording his impressions of this latest of Sir Herbert Tree's productions within a few hours of a visit, the critic feels bewildered; unhappy, he thinks, must be the lot of those who are compelled to scribble the moment the curtain is down. His eyes are aching with a surfeit of colour and pageantry; his ears are echoing still with the roll of drums, the clash of swords, and the crackling of fire-arms; the smell of the powder is yet in his nostrils, and his brain is dazzled with the brilliant bluster of it all. His ballast, if we may use a nautical metaphor after an essentially nautical play, is also slightly shifted; he is perhaps a trifle inclined to bang the big drum himself, to wave the Union Jack, hum the National Anthem, and gaze superciliously on persons unfortunate enough not to have been born in England—all of which things, of course, are good in their way, within reason. Having regained, by an interval, a calmer outlook, he is able to evolve a few distinct impressions from the chaos; to see, for instance, that "Drake" is superb in more ways than one. It is superb melodrama, with villain, hero, and languishing lady all complete. It is also—need one say?—superb in its dress and scenery and stage effects; we have never watched so wonderful a changing picture as the triumphant assembly before old St. Paul's, when the victorious sea-king of Devon, his voice vibrating with emotion, gives good speech and brave to the people. England is saved from the fear of Spain; "this little spot ye stand on has become the centre of the earth; from this day forward the English merchant can rove whither he will, and no man shall say him nay. . . . Men of England! Hitherto we have been too much afraid. Henceforth we will fear only God!"

The patriotic interest is supreme in "Drake," as is only right; but the love-story of Mistress Elizabeth

Sydenham is woven very prettily into the sterner texture of war and treachery and alarms. There was a capital moment or two when the hero, a sailor who had yet to win fame, encountered the Queen's namesake at Hampton Court, in the opening scene. "You from the West Country, too?" he says, in pleased surprise. It is a case of love at first sight on both sides, and, if the sentiment is occasionally laid on with rather too lavish a hand, the general effect is not spoiled. We tremble to think of what disasters would have happened, however, if Mr. Louis Parker lacked the saving grace of humour. More than once this saves the play at critical situations, just when the love-making is on the point of becoming too honeyed for an audience which might, were it strained too far, feel inclined to smile cynically; the impending cynical smile, however, is ousted thoroughly by the hearty laugh—which proves once more how well Mr. Louis Parker knows his art. We cannot complain seriously of the liberties he has taken with history, since his entertainment is set at so high a level.

Recovering from the shock of seeing Mr. Lyn Harding in heroic disguise, swaggering in doublet and hose, after the remembrance of him as Bill Sikes, with the manner of anything but a hero, we were free to remark what a fine interpretation of Drake he gave. He is the man for the part; gallant, swashbuckling, grave and judicial when necessary—as in the scene on board the "Golden Hind," when Thomas Doughty is tried for treachery; an ideal lover, carrying all before him. Mr. Philip Merivale, in the thankless part of the plotter, acted with dignity, and conveyed the villain's heart by his manner instead of by the usual heavy make-up of the stage schemer—for which excellent innovation we were duly grateful. As Queen Elizabeth, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry has added to her laurels; majesty we had not regarded as one of her possibilities, but she wore the sceptre as easily and naturally as she played the tripping comedy in the first act of "Trilby," and we may note as an exceptionally neat episode the moment when, with dignity struggling against amusement, she breaks into laughter at Drake's confession of his hurried marriage with Elizabeth Sydenham. Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas played with vivacity as Drake's sweetheart and wife; but we cannot even mention the names of all who assisted to make the piece a success. The old favourites of Sir Herbert Tree's theatre are nearly all in evidence.

Ten scenes, comprised in three acts, fill the evening; and we are not at all sure whether to describe "Drake" as a patriotic pageant or as a play. Sir Herbert Tree, in a speech at the close, hoped that it would "do good" in these days of war-talk and scares; and even those who object to the magnificent staging inseparable from His Majesty's Theatre must be convinced that "Drake" is a heartening spectacle to witness. It brings the ancient traditions of "England, home, and beauty" straight back; it reminds us of the fine part the Devon sea-dogs of old played in building up the greatness of England; and it reminds us, also, that in recent years moments of emergency have found the sailor not a whit behind his prototype in coolness and in courage. Con-

gratulations are due to Mr. Louis Parker for his fine handling of the inspiring theme; to Sir Herbert Tree for his selection of Mr. Lyn Harding as hero; and to the whole company for individual labours which resulted in so coherent and pleasing a presentation.

W. L. R.

"Little Miss Llewelyn" at the Vaudeville Theatre

THE new management of Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Mr. Edmund Gwenn has begun most happily. No one expected the Carmarthenshire edition of "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans" to be quite so charming or the long list of Welsh actors to convince so fully, or to fill the stage after just such an admirable fashion. The nameless adapters appear to have drunk deeply of the wisdom of the moment, determined to rival even "Bunty" in the matter of domestic interest and to approach as nearly as possible to the delicate sentiment and fine feeling of "Milestones" as circumstances would permit. It is now quite evident in the theatre that the new order, of which Ibsen was the far-off herald, giveth place to the old, and that a kind of Charles Dickens-Robertson manner is the only wear. There is artificiality and to spare in "Little Miss Llewelyn," but it is the sort the public wants. There are exaggerations, fond sentiment, forced humours, small beer—such as the things "the station-master told my wife"—but they go to make up a play that will pay both artistically and commercially.

The cast is so excellent in every detail, the play so admirably produced by Mr. McKinnel, that, in a way, one forgets the actors in the *ensemble*. But Mr. Edmund Gwenn, as the father of Miss Llewelyn, is every inch the man, even in his most wildly funny moments, and Mr. Ronald Squire, as Walter Barrington, the pleasant young London man of the world, who is thrown into the Carmarthenshire family, is complete and admirable from his first line in the wine merchant's office, where he works with Miss Llewelyn, until his last, in which he makes the heroine his "own wee hen," as Mr. Lauder would say. Miss Trevelyan has been greatly praised, and, of course, she plays throughout the three brisk acts with perfect mastery of herself and of the various situations which are provided for her. But—it is the fault of the play—she scores too easily. She is a little too nice to her parents; a little too sympathetic to her first lover, "Owen Griffiths" (Mr. Tom Owen—like all the others, he gets every ounce of character and truth out of his part), who really loves and has seduced another girl; a little too anxious to show that "cheer-arm" which Mr. Barrie made her say she knew she did not possess in "What Every Woman Knows." The play and the picture of Welsh life is interesting, amusing, entertaining from start to finish; it will draw the town and gather in the harvest of the provinces. But I do not believe that anybody, such as Miss Llewelyn is shown to be, would have gained such complete influence over her surroundings. And I doubt if Mr.

Ronald Squire's attractive, sympathetic, light, yet sincere, "James Barrington" would have fallen to such a lady. One feels this, but it does not matter. The story, rich in amusing incident, the acting, perfect of its kind, of the fourteen people in the cast—one cannot help especially mentioning the middle-aged servant "Lizzie" of Miss Lilian Mason, whose queer pathos cuts to the quick of the audience—the perfect staging, the delightful humour of the whole thing, would together make a success of even a less engaging picture of life as it might be than is this latest example of bright and gay domestic play, "Little Miss Llewelyn."

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Globe Theatre

THE famous impresario, Mr. Charles Frohman, presents the production of Mr. Klaw and Mr. Erlanger under the direction of Mr. Joseph Brooks and the management of Mr. Frank Young, Mr. Harry Buchanan, Mr. W. Lestocq, and Mr. Oscar Barrett, with the assistance of a good many other gentlemen whose names escape me. The result is an admirable entertainment for those who happen to be children in these matters. Everybody knows, and some people thoroughly enjoy, Mrs. Wiggin's New England sketches of unreal life; it is these sentimental and pleasant literary amusements which she and Miss Thompson have gathered into four acts, and which the gentlemen above mentioned, and some others, spread for our delectation. It must be owned that the charm of Mrs. Wiggin's work will hardly bear the strong light of the stage. The story of the clever, wild, brilliant, and beautiful little girl, Rebecca, coming from a happy home to the severe training of her oldish Aunt Miranda and winning her way to the hearts of everyone she meets is somehow made to seem theatrical without being drama. But there are a hundred tender touches, some delicately treated situations, some dear little children, who have been taught to over-accentuate everything, and two admirable players. These are, of course, Miss Edith Taliaferro, who makes one almost believe in "Rebecca," and Miss Marie L. Day, who develops the character of "Aunt Miranda" with great surety and skill. If the play can hold an English audience, it will be owing to these two admirable artists. As for the rest, all conscientious and correct—they are excellent leather and prunella.

Mr. Archie Boyd, the village stage-driver, one of those jolly, kind people after the manner of Charles Dickens, over-acts every moment he is on the stage, and drives his lightest point home with a Nasmyth hammer. Of course, English audiences are stupid, but are we as bad as he would suggest? Mr. Hayward Ginn, as the good prince who loves Rebecca from the beginning of the play, acts in a straightforward, strong, wooden way, greatly appreciated in the States. The night I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Taliaferro as "Rebecca," the American flag was wildly applauded, I presume, on account of its æsthetic value.

EGAN MEW.

The Magazines

DESPITE a stiffness and dryness of style on so warm a matter, Mr. Henry Newbolt has much to say of interest in the *English Review* in his article on "Poetry and Politics." It brings one up with something of a halt to find Huxley quoted in order to discover what is the attitude of Science with regard to the nature of man. Moreover, this is indicative of Mr. Newbolt's attitude rather more than appears at first sight; for he is too apt to approach poetry from without, whereas, like all the great mysteries of Life, it can only be understood from within. Yet he has much to say that is apt nowadays to be neglected, although he himself is a little nervous of pushing his argument to its just conclusion, as Shelley does in his superb essay, "A Defence of Poetry." Over and over again we were waiting for Mr. Newbolt to quote the closing words of that essay, that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Mr. Norman Douglas, in the same magazine, has a strong story, entitled "The Forge." With regard to our comments last month on Lord Sheffield's article on Popular Education it is interesting to read "Custos" this month substantiating them, though in more particular reference to "Our Gentlemen's Schools."

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Hilaire Belloc writes in exposition of "The Classical Spirit"—and in incidental depreciation of what is known as the "Romantic Spirit." We confess we do not like these distinctions, feeling, as we do, that they are largely artificial. For instance, when it is remembered that the Greek statues were probably vividly painted—as the earlier Egyptian statues were—and that the dramatic trilogies were undoubtedly acted in sequence, what becomes of the boasted sense of repose in cool outline and unity of time respectively? Moreover, when Mr. Belloc proceeds to speak of Ibsen as a romantic, one begins to lose sight of his argument altogether. However, there is one admirable phrase in his article, which may serve for a good deal more. He says that "proportion is the expression of ultimate reality." Then one may say that Classicism is the sense of mundane proportion, whereas Romanticism is the sense of celestial proportion: and so good a churchman as Mr. Belloc should not be in much doubt as to which proportion he is in pledge to admire. Mr. E. Hallam Moorhouse writes upon "Some Aspects of William Morris" in an article that is precisely described in its title. It is curious to see the way in which writers shrink from complete and adequate studies into the work of the men who have just gone from us. The line of development from the "Defence of Guenevere" through the "Earthly Paradise" and the splendid "Sigurd the Volsung" to the "Poems by the Way," is a fascinating study. But Mr. Moorhouse quotes "Two Red Roses Across the Moon" and "The Message of the March Wind" almost as though they were not at the opposite ends of Morris' life, with the "News from Nowhere" between them to expound the transition. Mr. Beresford Chancellor writes with interest on "Changing London," and Mr. Beaumont contributes an infor-

mative and illuminating appreciation of the late M. Massenet.

Mr. J. B. Williams, in the *Nineteenth Century*, contributes an article entitled "Fresh Light on Cromwell at Drogheda." He unfortunately mars his article by being not less provocative than he says Carlyle is. To us it has always been apparent that Carlyle, through an injudicious use of documents, but far more through an attempt to throw off the unjust calumny of two centuries of Cromwell, was guilty of whitewashing his hero. A people do not execrate a man as Cromwell is execrated throughout the length and breadth of Ireland for nothing. That Cromwell let himself, and let his soldiers, loose to an ungoverned and vindictive fury, is as clear as clear can be: and Mr. Williams is no more than just in making that fact plain. He could also point out that Cromwell's subsequent inaccuracies in his letters and reports are probably due to a feeling of shame at that fact. But no good is done by disguising the fact that Carlyle, as an historian, was never averse from setting down facts that were to the detriment of his heroes, when he found them—as his work on Cromwell is itself sufficient to prove. Mr. Fabian Ware writes wisely and authoritatively on "Labour and Internationalism," and his essay should be read by many. In dealing with "The Passing of the English Jew," Mr. Lewis Melville, if we may say so, writes with a great deal more interest and authority than when he wanders round his perennial theme of Thackeray. The subject is one of profound interest; and it is a tribute to his pen when we say that he does it justice. Professor James Lindsay deals with "The Case for and against Eugenics," and says well that we "might purchase a biological benefit too dearly at the cost of a spiritual wound."

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* the best article is that by Mr. Francis Grierson on "The Soul's New Refuge." It is concerned with the growing significance of the power of music in all Art. It is marked by all the writer's chastity of expression and rightness of thought. Mr. Alfred Austin writes some recollections of the occasions when he met Meredith. In the same magazine Mr. J. B. Williams writes further upon the topic of Cromwell in an article entitled "Cromwell and the Literature of the Protectorate." It is very clear that Mr. Williams is no lover either of Cromwell or his period; only now it is Masson and not Carlyle who earns his attack. We venture to think, however, that his readers will find him somewhat more prejudiced than he assumes his antagonists to be. Mr. F. E. Smith deals with modern "Parliamentary Oratory," and gives his judgments on the "oratory" of the chief figures in the House of Commons.

In the *Cornhill* there is an interesting problem, for those who are interested in problems, called "A Question of Ethics." That it should relate an incident in the life of a late eminent physician makes the problem all the more intense. We have often wondered why the *Cornhill* did not open its pages more to literary criticism. Its antecedents, not to say its appearance and general format, all seem to argue for it, and cause one

to expect it. Nevertheless one very seldom finds such an essay in its pages. And when, as this month, a change is made, it is more than disappointing to read some very "Prosaic Views on Poetry." In *Blackwood's*, when one desires to discover literary criticism or recollection, one has invariably to turn to the "Musings without Method"; though in this case the pleasure of anticipation is somewhat dimmed by the fact that one knows fairly closely what attitude one is to meet. The two chief matters dealt with this month are the letters of Robert Southey, and Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prose Rhythm." There are doubtless many who will purchase and keep this number of *Blackwood's*, moreover, because of Mr. Hunt's translation of the newly discovered "Satyric Drama of Sophocles."

The *Quest* is always interesting. Its editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, writes upon "Some Features of Buddhist Psychology," with all his fulness of knowledge. Professor Karl Joel writes upon the "Romanticism of the First Thinkers of Hellas"; and, indeed, there is scarcely an article that does not repay careful reading.

In addition to many short stories by popular writers in the *Windsor Magazine* for September there are two very interesting and instructive articles—"Music in Picture," by Austin Chester and "Woman's Work in Social Settlements," by Miss Alice Stronach. The one dealing with the efforts of educated women to help their less favoured sisters in a real and yet unostentatious manner is peculiarly appropriate at the present time, when the militant female is so much to the fore with her "rights" and demands, to say nothing, in some cases, of her criminal means of endeavouring to obtain them. Here we have accounts of the indefatigable energy and noble self-sacrifice of hundreds of women who seek for nothing better than to make the life of some child or some poor sufferer a little less hard to bear, and who wish for no notoriety on platforms, in prisons or amid the waving of banners. Miss Stronach gives succinct and impartial accounts of a large number of the settlements that have sprung up in the poorer parts of London from the time when Arnold Toynbee left Oxford to become one of the pioneers of the movement. Although originating with men, there are now so many women associates that at the present time many of the settlement homes are managed entirely by women, prominent among whom is Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Notes and News

Messrs. John Long publish shortly "Sensations of Paris," by Rowland Strong; "Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes," by Edgumbe Staley; "The Viceroys of Ireland," by Charles O'Mahony; and "Through Dante's Land," by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant.

Messrs. Stephen Swift and Co. announce for immediate publication "The Consumer in Revolt," by Teresa Billington-Greig; "The Conservative and the Future," by Pierse Loftus; "Bohemia in London," by Arthur Ransome; and "Revelations," by Robert Bryant.

Mr. H. G. Wells' new novel, "Marriage," is published this week by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The same firm announce for September 17 "Mrs. Lancelot—a Comedy of Assumptions," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The novel deals with love, high life, and politics in the days of the Great Reform Bill.

One of the first autumn books to appear with Messrs. Mills and Boon is one by Miss M. P. Willcocks, called from the name of an old country dance, "The Wind among the Barley." The book deals entirely with the sharp-tongued, humorous Devon country folk whom Miss Willcocks knows so well.

It is ten years since Dr. Talmage, one of the most famous of American preachers, died, but the interest in him, in England, where he was widely known and his gifts were greatly admired, has not diminished. His life story seems to have been an extraordinarily interesting one, and, therefore, the autobiography which Mr. Murray is to publish next week should be sure of wide appeal.

One of the publications announced for the early days of September is a book written, printed, and published by women. We understand that into the Happy Publishing Company (133, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.), which is responsible for the venture, no male is eligible for admission, and that "Love's Victories" is this company's maiden venture. The author, also, Mrs. M. M. Lee, makes her debut with this book.

A new book is announced by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. from the pen of Mr. F. G. Affalo, the well-known traveller, naturalist, and sportsman. Exciting stories of adventure with lions, tigers, leopards, and other dangerous beasts have been specially contributed to its pages by hunters all over the world. The numerous illustrations in both black-and-white and colour are by Mr. E. Caldwell, an artist unrivalled in this kind of work. The work, bearing the title of "A Book of the Wilderness and Jungle," will be published at 6s. net.

The early days of October are to see a Second Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. This time we are to be afforded an opportunity of studying the movement as exemplified by the exponents of the Modern School, in which, it is understood, France and Russia take the lead. As before, the Exhibition is under the organisation of Mr. Roger Fry; the names of the Earl of Plymouth, Lord Ribblesdale, Sir Edgar Vincent, the Rt. Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M. Theodore Duret, Mr. Clive Bell, and Mr. Robert Dell figure on the Committee.

Mr. W. N. Willis (ex-M.P., Australia) has written a new book entitled "What Germany Wants." This book is a forceful exposition of what the author regards as the German menace in Europe; it touches a new key in Imperial affairs, and includes a chapter which unfolds a workable plan for bringing the Empire and its great Dependencies into union for the defence of the trade arteries of the Mediterranean. The author deals from inside knowledge with Russia's action in Chinese Mongolia, Baron Marschall's missions to the Court of St. James, etc., etc. Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are the publishers.

Of the forty new volumes which Mr. J. M. Dent will add to "Everyman's Library" immediately, perhaps

one of the most important is Roget's "Thesaurus," which Mr. Andrew Boyle has revised and brought up to date. Mr. Dent has also in the press a volume of essays by Mr. Darrell Figgis. In "Studies and Appreciations," the title of the new volume, he discusses several matters of present-day importance. The same firm will issue shortly a new novel by Mr. Joseph Conrad, "Twixt Land and Sea," and a work by Roy Devereux entitled "Aspects of Algeria," illustrated with photographs and drawings.

The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society is being held this year at the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, from September 2 till September 21. The premier Photographic Society has hung between six and seven hundred exhibits by home, foreign, and colonial workers, and among them are many calling for careful study. The Exhibition, as usual, is divided into two main sections, the pictorial and the scientific, and while the former is and always will be the more popular, it is in the latter that improvements are most frequently made and shown, to be afterwards adapted to the use of the more popular side of the art. Among the exhibits calling for special attention is a series of photographic surveys made from aerial heights by members of the Royal Flying Corps.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE FUTURE OF TIBET.

AT a moment when, faced with stupendous difficulties, China is striving to set her house in order, a complicating element has been introduced into the general situation by the reopening of the Tibetan question. To the superficial observer, the policy that is being pursued by Great Britain in relation to the Dependency may at first sight appear inconsistent with the attitude of our diplomacy at Peking throughout the stormy period of the Revolution. In those days it was "hands off" to the international vandal that characterised our influence in the Chinese capital; and it is no longer denied that this policy of seeing that China received fair-play frustrated the designs of certain Powers who were only too anxious to take advantage of the state of turmoil which existed throughout the country. It is true that those Powers have since taken steps to secure the end in view, and that, on China's behalf, we have not attempted to baulk them; but, had they been given a free hand during the Revolution, their ambitions would have been boundless and the consequences of their actions disastrous to the peace of the world.

By insisting, however, that the Tibetans be allowed to manage their own affairs, Great Britain is not in any way following the example of Russia and Japan in regard to the Manchurian and Mongolian territories. Unlike these two Powers, it is no part of our policy to extend our frontiers at the expense either of Chinese sovereignty or Chinese suzerainty. Inconsistency lies rather with the critics of Sir Edward Grey, who, in their desire to champion the cause of the weak, which in this instance means for them the Chinese Republic, have

entirely overlooked the years of cruel oppression under which the Tibetan peoples have suffered at the hands of their overlords. At the same time, however, if we are to consider the question impartially, we must not visit the sins of Manchu tyranny upon the embarrassed Administration that is now endeavouring to consolidate the fortunes of the young Republic.

The circumstances of the present crisis call for statesmanship of the highest order, not only in England, but also in China. It is unfortunate for all parties concerned that the interpretation placed on Great Britain's action by Radical newspapers in this country is shared by the Press of China. The interpretation is summed up in the supposition—I quote from a London journal—that “we appear to be acting hand in glove with Russia and Japan in the policy of seizing bits of China. Our share of the spoil is to be Tibet, and the ‘forward policy’ is to be revived to secure it.” Nothing could be further removed from the truth. Tibet, a country over which Peking possesses neither the moral nor the legal right to exercise sovereignty, forms the natural buffer between the integral Republic and the integral Empire, and wisdom dictates, both in the interests of China and of India, that she should be permitted to remain a buffer State. As such, she should be allowed a proper measure of autonomy under the ægis of one or other of her neighbours. Hitherto the suzerain has been China; and it depends entirely upon the attitude of that nation during the negotiations now in progress as to whether she shall retain that position. Provided a reasonable spirit animates the conduct of the Peking Government, we have no purpose to serve in adding to China's humiliations by insisting upon her relinquishing the dignity of what can only prove to be an empty title. But in no circumstances do we intend to submit tamely to the enforced incorporation of an unwilling Tibet as a State in the Chinese Republic.

China will do well to weigh her words and consider her actions at the present juncture, for our policy will be strictly determined by the attitude she elects to adopt. If, as there is reason to hope, she pays heed to the counsels of wisdom, then, in the words of Sir Francis Younghusband, we shall say to the Chinese people that “we do now, we always have, and we always will recognise their suzerainty over Tibet, but that we never have and never will recognise their sovereignty; for attempts to exercise sovereignty unnecessarily irritate the Tibetans and cause disturbance on our frontier. And to the Tibetans we would say that we will give no support or countenance whatever to any attempts to throw off Chinese suzerainty, but that we mean to maintain the status existent when we made our treaty with them, and to hold both them and the Chinese to that treaty.”*

Whatever view may be taken in regard to the inevitable future of Tibet, nothing could be more absurd in this connection than to waste compassion upon China as a nation. Her integrity is not threatened, and she

stands to gain rather than to lose by the settlement, on the lines proposed by Great Britain, of a long-standing and much vexed question.

To the Peking Government, however, we cannot but extend our sympathy. They are embarrassed, as Peking Governments have been embarrassed in the past, by the clamour of the Press and of that militant section of the population who choose to regard British policy with the same suspicion and hostility with which they are accustomed to view, and not without reason, the actions of Japan and Russia. It is this headstrong element that accounts in a large measure for what foreigners are pleased to term the evasiveness of the Central Administration. And herein lies the complication of the present situation. For it is inconceivable that, were he able to choose his own course, without regard to the susceptibilities of strong but untutored factions, a man gifted with the vision of Yuan Shih-kai would blind himself to two very cogent considerations. The first of these is that Great Britain, having made up her mind, is able to enforce her will; the second, that China, who is to lose neither territory nor prestige in the settlement of the Tibetan question, can well afford to wait before embarking upon a policy by which she elects to sacrifice her integral isolation.

MOTORING

AT this time of the year, when the annual Motor Show at Olympia is within measurable distance, there is always a certain amount of speculation on two points of interest to motorists and prospective motorists, namely, the likelihood of striking innovations in design for the next season, and the possibility of material reductions in prices. So far as the first point is concerned, it may be said that up to the present there are no indications of any drastic departures from what may now be termed standard lines of construction—at any rate, so far as the recognised leading makers are concerned. Last year's exhibition was noteworthy for the predominance of the four-cylindered engine, and there is little doubt that at the forthcoming show the partiality for this type will be still more in evidence. And, as a matter of fact, the well-balanced four-cylinder gives as silent, flexible, and even running as can be expected or desired, consistent with freedom from complications. There will always, of course, be a limited number of motorists who, having tasted the luxury afforded by the perfect torque of the high-class six-cylinder, will be content with nothing less; but it is not everybody who can afford this, and for the motorist of moderate means the four-cylinder is the ideal car.

With regard to the second item of speculation—that of prices for the models of 1913—it is to be feared that those optimists who are anticipating extensive reductions will be disappointed. In fact, there are obvious reasons for supposing that the reverse will be the case, at any rate so far as British cars are concerned. In the ordinary course of

* Letter to the *Times*, September 3.

things the evolution of the motor industry brings about, year by year, improved methods of production, greater standardisation, etc., and, other things being equal, this tendency should result in lower cost of manufacture and lower prices to the ultimate purchaser; but, as the *Motor* points out, there have been many internal labour troubles in this country during the past year, the result of which, combined with the new taxation, has been to increase wages in many of the motor-manufacturing concerns, and this factor counterbalances whatever advantages would have accrued to the buyer from the improvements in manufacturing methods.

Another interesting matter for speculation is the future of American cars in this country. The outstanding feature of the past season has undoubtedly been the materialisation of the American "invasion" which was threatened so long that most people concluded that it never would materialise. There can no longer be any doubt as to its actuality, and of its seriousness from the British maker's point of view. During the last twelve months at least twenty different makes of American cars have made their appearance on our market, and most of them seem to have come to stay. They are now to be seen on our roads in such numbers that one is constrained to conclude that the old-standing prejudice against cars of American origin has practically disappeared. What has conduced to this has been the demonstrated ability of our Transatlantic friends to

produce a presentable, fast, and powerful car at a price far below that demanded by the British maker for a car of similar specification. This ability is due primarily to the American capacity to manufacture on an enormous scale, with resulting standardisation of parts and all-round economy of production. One hears of American factories equipped for turning out 100,000 complete cars in a year, whereas it is doubtful if there is one in this country capable of making one-twentieth of this number annually. On the other hand, it is notorious that the typical American car is comparatively a slipshod article. It is really a question of supply and demand, and not of inability to turn out first-class work. The average American—and Canadian—appears to be quite content with a car which will give him good service for a year or two. After that, he simply discards it and buys another. Whether the British buyer will be content with a similar policy remains to be seen. In the meantime it may be pointed out that there is already a remarkable number of cheap American cars which have "only done a few hundred miles" being advertised for sale.

In a recent issue we referred to the utility of the sprag as a safeguard against accident in the event of a car failing in the course of a hill climb. Another illustration of the danger involved in running a heavy chain-driven motor vehicle without this almost obsolete fitment was afforded the other day, when the driving chain of a motor lorry snapped in the course of an ascent of a steep incline near Dewsbury, and the vehicle began to run backwards. Fortunately, the driver, who, by the way, has received the Continental Tyre Company's medal for his display of nerve and skill, succeeded in steering the motor into a side turning, and thus averted an otherwise inevitable calamity. Not all drivers, however, could be relied upon to keep their heads in such circumstances, and there are not always convenient side turnings available. The moral of the incident is that the sprag should be a compulsory fitment of every chain-driven motor, more especially in the case of motor vehicles used for the public service.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE whole movement in the world appears to-day to be towards higher values—optimism is the one creed. No one will listen to the warning voice. Indeed, the cautious man is regarded as the enemy of the human race. Therefore the Bank of England was wise to put up its Rate. There is plenty of money in London, but with trade booming, the Stock Exchange humming, and dozens of big loans being on the verge of coming out, the wise bankers thought that they might as well get four per cent. for their money as three. The money is not wanted to-day, but it will be wanted to-morrow. The last

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harvest will have a serious effect upon trade returns—we shall have to buy more foodstuffs and pay a higher price for them. Therefore the rise in the Rate, though it came early, was not unwise or indeed unexpected. It seems to me that we shall have a very busy autumn. The Stock Exchange expects a boom. In which department it hardly knows, but hopes in all markets are high. There is a great deal of money waiting investment, and what is better everybody is in ample credit. The banks lend freely. They can see no cloud anywhere. This makes for a big speculation in which all hope to achieve fortune, but in which most will lose heavily.

FOREIGNERS are steady as a rock. Perus have been bought. It is now said that some big group is attempting to get control. The Grace management is not liked either here or in Peru—a change would be welcome. The Prefs. are very much too high unless some new management comes in, and candidly I have no news that can be relied upon. Tintos look very good because we all see now that the Yankees will not be so foolish as to let copper down. They are now reaping the reward of their two years' abstinence. Paris is getting ready for some big Russian loans. Hundreds of thousands of miles of new railways are needed, and the French will find the money with pleasure. There are curious rumours that Austria-Hungary, being in sore need of cash, has opened up negotiations with Paris, but that the French Government declines to let the big banks lend the money. "Why lend money to your enemies?" says Poincaré. But Hungary is sound, and if she will pay the price I think we can rely upon France lending a few millions.

HOME RAILS don't please the Stock Exchange. But the public goes on buying, and in a few weeks the dealers will find themselves short of stock; then they will try to mark down prices. That will not succeed, and they will buy back in despair; thus a rise here seems one of the autumn certainties. The tale that the Government will not help the passing of the Railway Bill need not be credited. No Government dare break its pledges. I think that those who buy the leading shares will have no cause to regret it. The dealers talk up Little Chats, but this is pure gambling.

YANKEES.—The Wall Street crowd still say that we shall see a boom in rails. But no one knows which stock to buy—Unions, Atchisons, Southern Pacific—all look good. Milwaukeees are being cried down on the tale that the Puget Sound is not doing well, and that the dividend this line pays is exhausting its resources. One day Puget Sound will "make good," but Milwaukee needs new blood. Eries are a tip—so are Rocks. These two gambling counters are for ever popular. They are cheap, they are good markets, and they both have possibilities. But we should not forget that they are only counters, and that neither is safe from assessment.

RUBBER is at last once again a good market. The East when prices were low bought all the leading shares, and as the market was short prices rose, and then the public came in. Now the East has sold and is buying the cheap shares like Merlimau and Chersonese. But I think that no one can go wrong in Pataling or Cicely. The capitalisation of these companies is so low that whatever happens to either the shares will always pay a dividend. Linggi is good. So are Batu Caves, Anglo-Malay, and Lanadron. Brieb is a cheap share that is marked down for a rise. How long the boom will last no one knows. Prices have not yet reached any dangerous level. I expect it will last through to the end of the year. The dealers will keep up the price of raw rubber and the Amazon will unload some of its stocks. Then the price will weaken, and the stock markets will feel the effect at once. I would not touch any of the so-called cheap shares. There are many options out, and the market expects to unload on the poor public. Once the share is unloaded the market goes

home happy, and the price drops. We saw this game played before—we shall see it played again.

The OIL MARKET is dull. Yet this does not daunt Rosenberg, who have put West Ural on the market; it is said that the 50 plots have cost £150,000—a quite fantastic figure for plots on the wrong side of the Ural River. However, Nobels are in the deal, and the public may buy. They will be sorry afterwards. Why purchase shares like Emba or West Ural when you can buy Urals whose ground is already proved at much lower figures? Dalziels will have the Central Cheleken out in a week or two. I think they would be well advised to delete the paragraph which says that Cheleken oil is valuable because it carries a big percentage of paraffin wax. It was this wax which caused Mr. Drury to moan and explain why Cheleken sold its oil so much below the market price. Chelekens have been boomed and will be kept up, for Dalziels have still the Gadjinsky wells to float.

KAFFIRS are steady, but not strong—the public is not in the market. A few long-sighted people are averaging their good shares. Village Deep now look like going up, a big block has been taken off the market. Knights are cheap, though I do not think that the dividend will be increased for at least another year. But the life is long and the price of the share low. The "Johnnies" report was good, and the board say that the position is sound. This I can well believe, because the Barnato crowd have plenty of money and know how to finance. They will lead the Kaffir market now that Wernher Beit are out of it.

RHODESIANS are promised a land boom. Sir Abe Bailey has purchased a big block of London and Rhodesian from Weils, and is said to have moved up Giants. The Wheeler Cornwallis West people have taken the Cam and Motor share market in hand and will put up the price. Sir Abe has incited a syndicate to buy £48,000 worth of land from the Amalgamated Props., and a big advertising scheme is now arranged.

If Rhodesia is boomed then Chartered will go up to 40s., and the cute people are buying. There is a move on in the whole of this market, and I expect prices will jump. Wise people will then get out and leave the game to be played by the too-clever people who run the show.

EGYPT looks like becoming popular once more. The cotton crop is to be a record—8,000,000 cantars. Lord St. Davids has taken over "Abdys" and must make it good. The Zervodachi failure cleared the air, and the stocks held by the family have nearly all been bought, and go into strong hands. Therefore the rise in prices is justified. But such shares as Sidi-Salem, Gharbieh, United Lands are only lock-ups. Good shares like Salt and Soda Agricultural Banks, National Banks, Delta Light Prefs are the sound stocks to buy, with perhaps a few Khedivial Mail Prefs. Clearly the fact that Lord Kitchener has taken the country in hand has made both London and Paris confident.

INDUSTRIALS are very steady. Even Marconis have had a rise, possibly due to the "bears" having been caught. There is now talk of the Poulsen people having signed an agreement with Canada for a Pacific wireless scheme with New Zealand and Australia. Galletti is also competing with Marconi. Lawsuits are promised, and we shall see lively times in this market. A cheap shipping share is the Preference in the West Hartlepool, which has been gradually increasing its profits, and as the dividend is five years in arrear the shares are a good gamble at 50s. for the £10 share. The P. and O. gamble still goes on. Electric Lights should all go better on the amalgamation scheme now being discussed. The Brazil Railway report was good, and the option dealers have been busy. The common stock is talked £200—a fabulous price! But a rise seems certain.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—One is almost tempted to look on M. Bernon's letter in your issue of August 31 as a joke intended to enliven this dismal season. The idea of the word "need" in "I need not" being a "present infinitive in which mood," etc., etc., certainly reads like an intentional caricature of the harebrained theories so often found in grammatical and philological works. So in "I can not" "can" is, of course, a present infinitive, and the meaning is "I did not can." "The auxiliary 'did' is sometimes used by good authors before the word 'need.'" Why these limitations? Do bad authors, or people who are not authors at all, never say to their wives, "You did not need a new hat"? Assuming that M. Bernon is serious, the situation seems to be this: Dean Alford said, as many lesser people have said before and since, "I need not have troubled myself." Mr. Moon, whoever he may have been, criticised the phrase. For all I know, there may never have been such a person; if there was, he cannot have known much about English, and in any case he need not have proclaimed his ignorance to a mocking world. Similarly, M. Bernon may not have meant his letter seriously; in that case, he cannot have made sufficient allowance for the defective sense of humour of some of your readers; he should have remembered how deficient some people are in this respect; in any case, he need not have framed his letter in such a way as to leave me in doubt whether it is a joke or not. Assuming that it is not, M. Bernon and Mr. Moon will no doubt be grateful to me for pointing out that there are in English sundry verbs—do, need, dare, etc.—which are used sometimes as auxiliaries, sometimes as ordinary verbs. When they are used as auxiliaries they naturally imitate auxiliaries as closely as possible: he can't go—he daren't go—he needn't go—it don't matter. These four similar phrases are all strictly correct, in spite of the fact that English people, with their usual lack of principle, accept the first three and reject the last. "Need" and "dare" can be used in either way with the same effect. "He does not dare to go" means exactly as "He dare not go." "He dares not go," like "He does not dare go," is as illogical a mixture as our pet phrase "It does not matter." Since true auxiliaries have (in English) not more than two tenses, the only way of expressing a perfect tense is to keep the auxiliary in the present and put the following infinitive into the perfect: "I may have seen him—I need not have troubled myself." There is no other way of using "may" in the former sentence; and "need," used as an auxiliary, naturally follows the usage of true auxiliaries. The phrases quoted by M. Bernon—"They didn't need them," "Needed no prompter"—are, of course, like "I have done my duty," "I do not need (or dare) to write any more," ordinary examples of the non-auxiliary use of these verbs. Some of your readers will probably think that I need not have dilated at such length on elementary truths which most people may, must, should, or ought to have long since found out for themselves. "Ought," perhaps, hardly deserves a place in this category; it still has so little of the true auxiliary nature as to require "to" after it. I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
T. G. MARTIN.

Bradford, September 1, 1912.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Is M. Bernon's defence of Dean Alford's use of the phrase, "I need not have," really necessary? As a point of grammar, I suppose the problem occasionally troubles the minds of all conscientious writers; but is

the familiar expression incorrect as it stands? It is a question of "connecting up" two points of time, past and present.

This may be done, I take it, by (so to speak) *extending the tense-action* of either of the verbs, forwards or backwards respectively. Thus one may say, strictly speaking:—

(1) "I *needed* not" (at that point in past time)—i.e., I *was* under no obligation to "*do*" (then) "such or such an act"; or,

(2) "I *need* not" (now)—i.e., I *am* under no obligation (of morality, consistency, or the like)—to "*have done*"—(i.e., to have standing to my credit or discredit in the Recording Angel's ledger) such or such an act.

Very possibly "I need not" may, as M. Bernon suggests, be an abridged form of "I did not need," which is rather long, or of "I needed not," which is cacophonous, and recalls the kitchen-dresser. Curious in this connection is the want of a past tense to the important verb "*must*"—for which "I had to" is too familiar ("Possum can't climb tree! This un *had ter*, dogs was a crowdin' on 'im so") and "I found myself under the obligation of," etc., a trifle too elaborate. Here the German "*müsste*" avoids all difficulty. If not "I needed," might we not say "I *musted*"? Yours.
G. H. POWELL.

Savile Club. Sept. 2, 1912.

"THE RIKS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am thankful to your reviewer for the account he gives in THE ACADEMY of June 29 of my discoveries in the field of ancient mythology and religion. His uncomplimentary characterisations of my humble effort lose most of their sting when he concludes by saying "real scientists and scholars could, we believe, expose his extraordinary conceptions of fact and fancy."

I suppose he will acknowledge Mr. Barth and Prof. Ignazio Guidi to be scholars entitled to judge of a work like "The Riks." They are Honorary Fellows of the Royal Asiatic Society, in which Honorary Fellowships are limited to thirty of the most eminent scholars. Mr. Barth writes as follows:—"I have read your book at a stretch as a most fascinating poem of its own. Your identifications are skilful and ingenious; they are not mere guess and fancy; I would even say they are too good to be true; for one is not wont to find such logical sequence in the rather incoherent intricacy of genuine myth." Mr. Barth subscribes himself the author's "most fervent but utterly sceptical admirer." Prof. Guidi is equally enthusiastic, and, what is more, partially accepts my conclusions. Dr. Fleet, honorary secretary, Royal Asiatic Society, says my work opens out quite a new vista hitherto unexplored, that he read it with great interest and hopes to study it in detail. Dr. Pinches, the great Babylonian scholar, thinks my book excellent and full of illuminating information, and is working out, step by step, my identification of the Babylonian God Nirig or Ninip with a great volcano like Indra or Jupiter. Not one scholar has hitherto attempted to assail a single one of my identifications with reference to the original Riks, and I have sent my book to most Vedic scholars and great geologists as well. Mount Sinai is a basaltic volcano, and, if Western scholars have been unable to see in the description of the appearance of the Lord on the top of Mount Sinai an eruption of lava, with its attendant earthquakes, flames, stone-throws, thick clouds, lightnings and thunders, I will not imitate your reviewer and say "I despair of Western intelligence," but state the true explanation of their apparent obtuseness in the language of the first and greatest of Upanishads: "The preconceptions of the learned constitute an opacity more impenetrable to the light of new truth than the darkness of blind ignorance." In the case of ancient mythology and religion the pre-

conceptions have been transmitted through many generations of scholars, ancient, mediæval, and modern, and are therefore all the more difficult to remove.

My case is that modern Western scholars are correctly interpreting the language of the Riks, but, owing to the overpowering weight of preconceived notions, do not realise the significance of their own interpretation. A cursory perusal of the description of Vritra-Ahi and the Maruts (glaciers and snows respectively) contained in Prof. Macdonell's "Vedic Mythology" will afford most convincing proof of this assertion. We imagined our forebears were primitive originative children, who described the common sky, cloud, sun, moon, and stars in silly, whimsical, and perplexing fashion. We have now to master the latest of modern sciences to understand their descriptions of the war of lava and ice in the glacial period which ended only five thousand years ago, if not even later.

T. PARAMASMA IYER,
Author of "The Riks,"

District and Sessions Judge, Bangalore.
Bangalore City, South India.
August 13, 1912.

REPLACE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I beg to submit to you and to the readers of THE ACADEMY the following:—

An important misprint has crept into Hodgson's excellent book ("Errors in the Use of English," p. 52) in connection with the true meaning of the word *replace*. That author is made to say that the meaning of this word is "*remplacer*" (to substitute, to supersede, etc.), when it is the very thing to which he objects. In fact, Hodgson criticises about a score of good writers, because the latter use the word *replace* in the objectionable sense.

In French, there is a very great difference between the words *remplacer* and *remplacé*. "*Remplacer* (to replace, to put back), from *Re . . . ou Ré* (lat. *re . . .*), préfixe latin qui entre dans la composition d'un grand nombre de mots français, et que marque la réitération, la réciprocité, la résistance, le retour à un ancien état: 1. *Remplacer* une statue. 2. *Remplacez ce livre.*" (Larousse, Littré and Beaujean.)

"*Remplacer* (to substitute, to supersede, etc.), from *re . . . en* and *place* = 1. *Tenir la place de*. 2. *Succéder à quelqu'un dans une place, une fonction, un service.*" (Larousse, Littré and Beaujean.)

In public libraries in England, I am happy to say, the word to *replace* is used in accordance with its Latin origin: "Readers are requested to *replace* (*remplacer, remettre à leurs places*) the periodicals on the stand when done with."

So far, so good; but the time has come, I think, when it is necessary for English authorities to decide whether the word *replace* should continue to be used instead of *substitute, supersede*, etc., in the sense of *remplacer*. In my humble opinion, this word should be confined a close prisoner in the limited space assigned to it by its Latin origin, as Hodgson very properly suggests, and should no longer be allowed, in the sense of "*remplacer*," to usurp the different places that the legitimate words "*substitute*," "*supersede*," "*succeed*," etc., should occupy.* I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

- * (a) *Substitute* (Fr. *substituer*, Lat. *substituto*). To put in the place of another.
- (b) *Supersede* (L. *supersedeo*). To be placed in the room of . . .
- (c) *Succeed* (Fr. *succéder*, Lat. *succedo*). To take the place which another has left.—*Ogilvie's Dictionary*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Gates of the Dolomites*. By L. Marion Davidson. With an Introduction by Sir Melvill Beachcroft, and a Chapter on the Flora of the Dolomites by F. M. Spencer Thomson. Illustrated with a Map and Photographs. (John Lane. 5s. net.)
- Printing Papers: A Handbook for the Use of Publishers and Printers*. (Spalding and Hodge.)
- Love's Victories*. By M. M. Lee. (The Happy Publishing Co. 1s. net.)
- The Brain Side of Games, Sports, and Pastimes*. By H. C. Donovan. (Jarrold and Sons. 1s. net.)

VERSE.

- Fires: Book II. The Ovens, and Other Tales. Book III. The Hare, and Other Tales*. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net each.)

FICTION.

- The Thread of Proof*. By Headon Hill. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- The Romance of Bayard*. By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- The Heather Moon*. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Coloured Frontispiece. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
- Devoted Sparks*. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
- Cheadle and Son*. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THEOLOGY.

- Credo: Instructions on the Creed*. By the Rev. J. R. Pridie, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Village Sermons to Simple Souls*. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Addresses to Boys and Boy Scouts*. By the Rev. G. F. Cecil de Carterest, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.)

EDUCATIONAL.

- Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico," IV, V*. By A. H. Allcroft, M.A. With an Introduction by Lt. M. Penn, M.A. (W. B. Clive. 2s. 6d.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- The Last Legitimate King of France, Louis XVII*. By Phoebe Allen. Illustrated. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)
- Maurius, Saturninus und Glauca: Beiträge zur Geschichte der Jahre 106-100 v. Chr.* By Dr. Frederick Walter Robinson, M.A. (A. Marcus and E. Webers, Bonn.)

PERIODICALS.

- English Review; Antiquary; Everyone's Story Magazine; Blackwood's Magazine; The Nineteenth Century and After; Bookseller; The Vineyard; The Malthusian; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; La Revue; Publishers' Circular; Educational Times; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Book Monthly; Deutsche Rundschau; Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes; School World; University Correspondent; Empire Review; Mercure de France; Century Magazine; The Bibelot; The Poetry Review.*

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